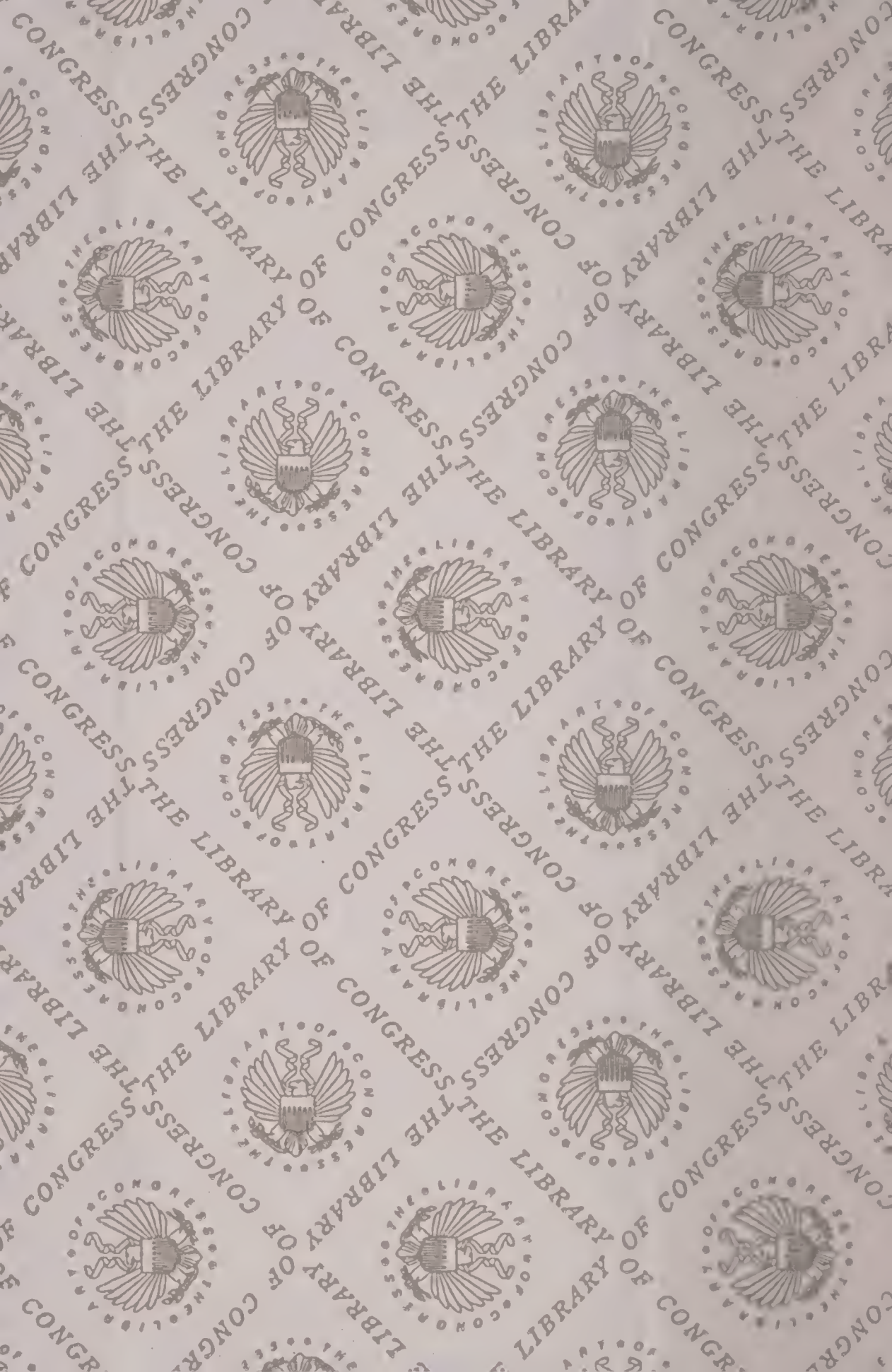
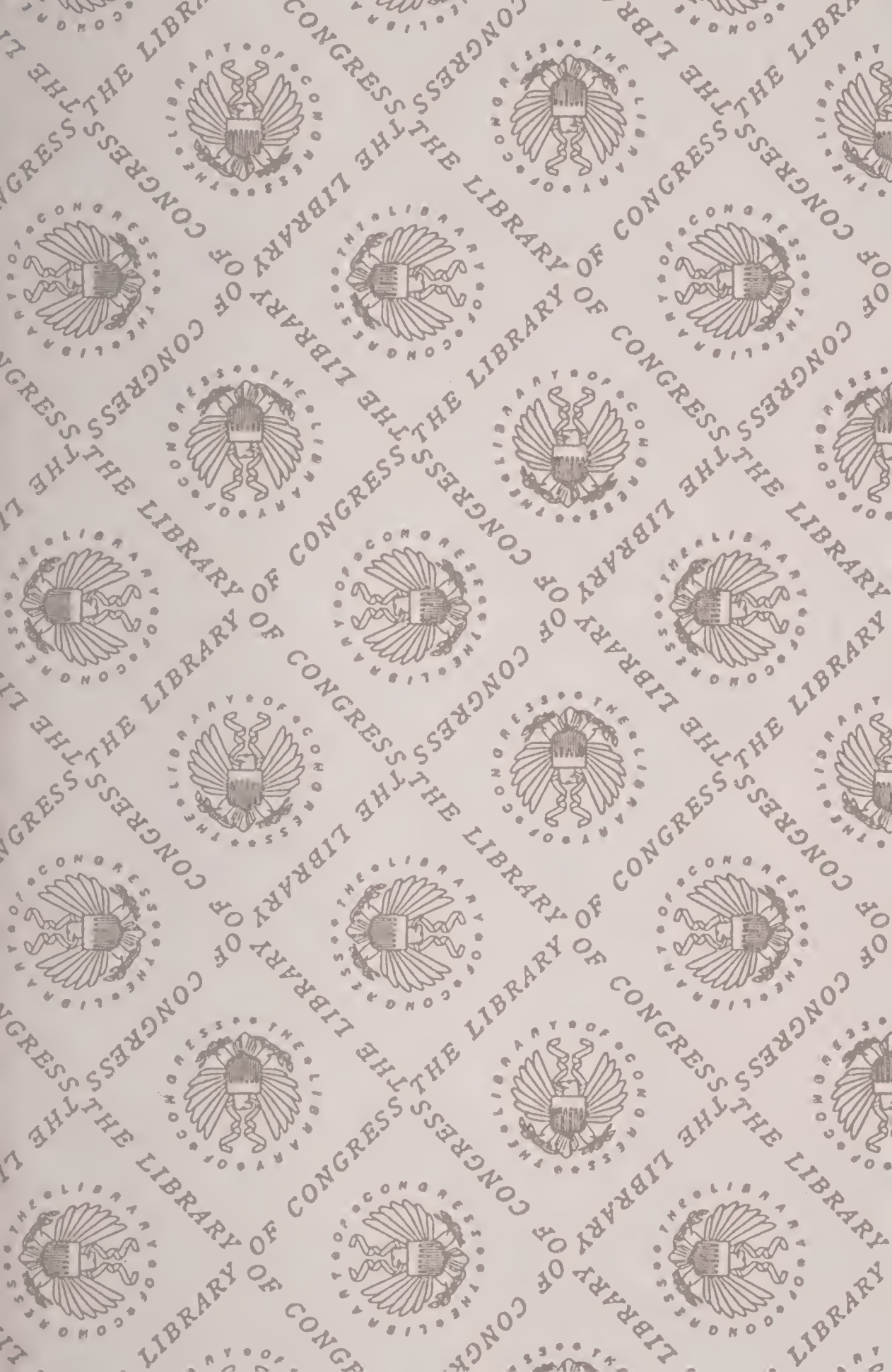


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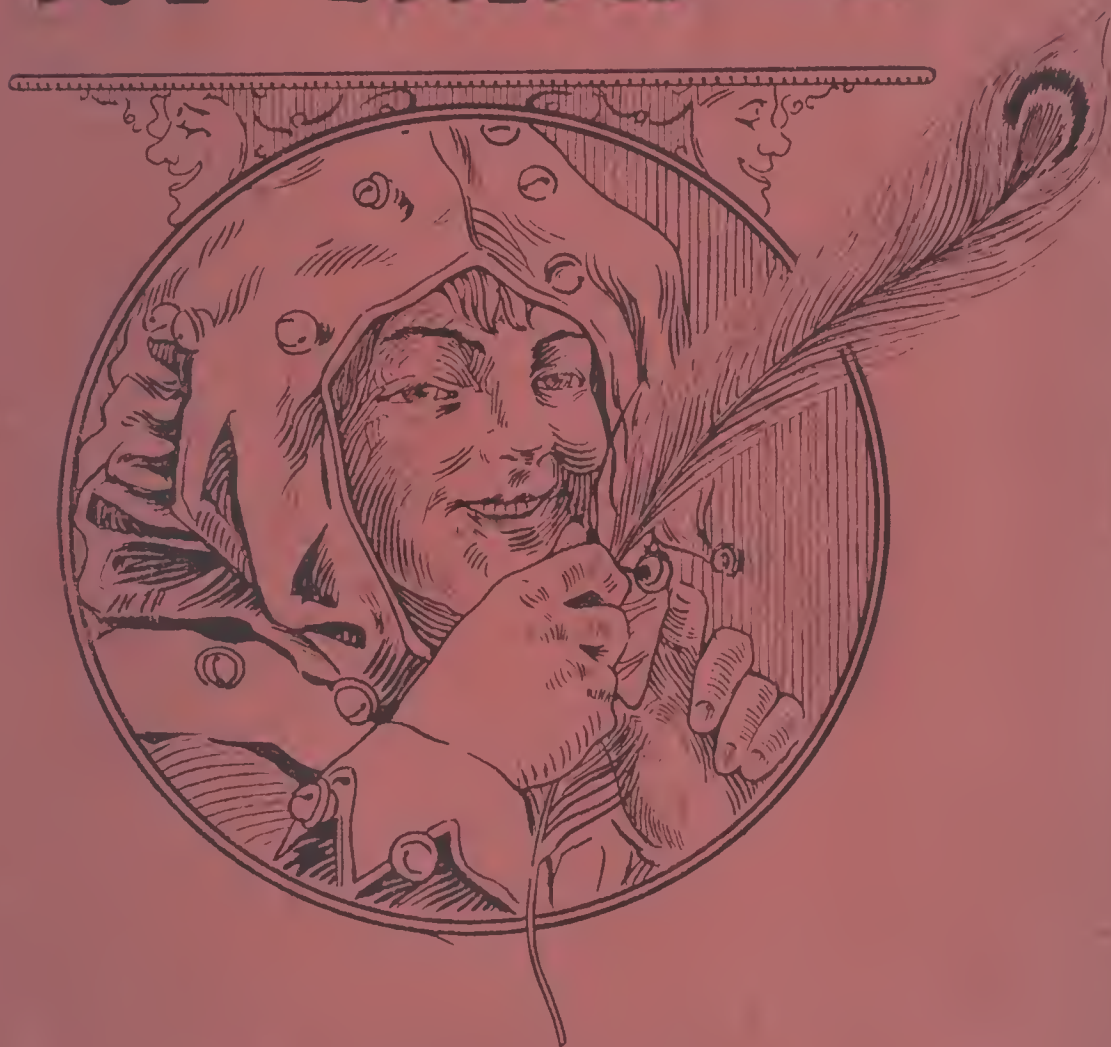
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PRICE 35 CENTS

Humorous Dialogues for Children



BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

HUMOROUS DIALOGUES FOR CHILDREN

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BY

MARIE IRISH

*Author of District-School Dialogues
Humorous Drills and Acting Songs*



BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY
CHICAGO

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PREFACE

It is fondly hoped these dialogues are humorous. In order to help make them so, you who have charge of presenting them to the public are urged to enthuse your characters, in which case they will give the lines with a “pep” that will insure success, for children love to act, and usually do it well—often surprisingly so.

Insist that lines are *learned early*, for rehearsals are of little value until parts are committed; then drill and *drill*, paying attention to little things from the first, for these count for ultimate success.

In pieces calling for costumes, let these be humorous rather than really appropriate—a farmer with rope whiskers will prove more amusing than one with the real article. Where it is possible, let the costumes increase the humor, and this will also inspire the actor to do his best.

Endeavor to have at least two rehearsals, with all properties and costumes, that actors may feel entirely at home in their clothes and on the stage.

Remember the two p’s—*you* have patience and *actors* have “pep”—then all together for success!

HUMOROUS DIALOGUES FOR CHILDREN

THE SICK BABY

CHARACTERS: DOCTOR, NURSE, MOTHER

To be given by small children. The MOTHER wears long skirt and has hair done up; NURSE wears white cap and apron; DOCTOR has long coat with the sleeves turned back, a high paper collar, a high stiff hat, and carries a box for medicine chest. A large dolly is used for the BABY.

Discovered, the MOTHER holding the BABY.

MOTHER: I hope the doctor hurries. I'm sure my child is very ill.

Enter NURSE.

NURSE: The doctor will be here very soon.

MOTHER: Do I look all right? [*Pats hair.*] I don't want him to think I'm a fright.

NURSE: You look all right except there's freckles on your face.

MOTHER: Well, I can't help them—I didn't put 'em there; besides,—[*mention boy's name*].—I mean the doctor, likes freckles 'cause he's told me so.

[*Knock is heard. NURSE goes to door and bows in the DOCTOR.*]

Enter DOCTOR.

DOCTOR: I hurried as fast as I could— I'll have to charge extra 'cause I've hurried so fast I've made my rheumatism worse.

MOTHER: Oh, doctor, I didn't know you ever had rheumatiz! I should think that you'd doctor yourself up an' keep well.

DOCTOR: Madam, I have so many sick folks to visit I don't get time to fuss over myself. I'm a very busy doctor. How is the baby?

NURSE: The poor dear is very ill—I think she has conjunction of the lights and liver.

MOTHER: Oh, doctor, you must save her.

DOCTOR: Madam, don't fret. I have twenty-seven kinds of medicine, and we'll give 'em all to the child 'fore we'll let her die.

NURSE: Her fever's awful high—went 'way up to two hundred an' fifty.

DOCTOR: Maybe we'll have to perform an operation. [*Holds DOLL's hand.*]

MOTHER: Oh, no, doctor, 'cause Fred's dog Rover got hold of her and operated until she's got a hole that her sawdust runs out of.

DOCTOR: Maybe she has water on the brain.

NURSE: I don't think so, doctor, because she got a crack in her head yesterday when she fell out the window and the water would all run out.

DOCTOR: Very true. Well, she looks very sick, so there must be something the matter. I think [*opening box*] I'll give her some of these pills.

MOTHER: Oh, not those homely brown ones—give her some pink ones, doctor, 'cause she likes pretty colors.

DOCTOR: Well, I don't suppose it matters, just so I get my pay. [*Takes out some pills and gives NURSE.*] Give her one of these ev'ry ten minutes.

NURSE: My, that's real often.

DOCTOR: Well, the more you give of them, the more money I get. Does the baby cry a great deal?

MOTHER: Yes, the poor dear is so sick.

DOCTOR: Then I better give some drops to make her sleep.
[*Gives bottle.*] One baby I gave these to never cried again.

MOTHER: Oh, how wonderful!

DOCTOR: Yes, they put her to sleep and she never woke up.

MOTHER: Well, you horrid man, don't you do that with *my* child.

NURSE: I think she needs some powders, too, so if one don't help the other will.

DOCTOR: All right. [*Gives powders.*] I'll come again tomorrow, and if these haven't killed her I'll give something else. Ten dollars, please. [*Takes money and bows himself out.*]

BRAVE BOYS

FOR FOLKS AS LITTLE AS CAN LEARN THE PARTS

CHARACTERS: FRANK, TED, LAURA, *and* BESS.

LAURA: Let's tell stories.

BESS: Oh, yes, I love stories.

TED: All right, I'll tell one.

FRANK: An' make it a wild one, with Injuns an' things like that.

LAURA: Oh, no, don't have Injuns—they scare me.

BESS: An' don't have bears—I'm awful 'fraid of bear stories.

TED: Aw, you girls are reg'lar 'fraidy-cats.

FRANK [*pointing*]: Cowardy-cats, 'fraid of stories. [Boys *laugh.*]

LAURA: All right! Tell one if you want to—only don't have it *too* full of bears.

TED: Well, onct on a time there was a little boy went down

town to buy some candy an' he got a whole great lo-o-ng stick.

BESS: Oh, I jes' *love* candy. Was it white with red stripes?

TED: Uh-huh, I guess so. Well, an' then the little boy started home, an' it was jes' beginnin' to git dark.

LAURA: Don't have it *too* dark—I don't like dark.

FRANK: Aw, now, keep still an' don't be stoppin' the story.

TED: An' the little boy had to go through the woods, real da-a-rk woods, an' when he was haft-way through here come a gr-e-e-at big bear.

BESS: Oh-h-h-h! [*She and LAURA move close together.*]

FRANK: If I'd been there I'd 'a' kilt 'im with my air gun.

TED: An' the little boy, he says, "Huh, who's 'fraid of a bear?—I'll show 'im"; an' he jes walked right 'long. eatin' candy. Then the bear come closter an' says, "Er-r-r-r-r—" awful loud, an' the little boy says, "Hello, Mr. Bear, don't you want some my candy?" an' the bear, he says, "No, I want a little boy for my supper."

LAURA: Oh-h-h-h, dear!

BESS: Oh-h-h-h, don't let 'im git et up, ple-e-e-e-se.

TED: An' the little boy says, "Huh, you can't have me," an' he started to run, an' he run, an' run, jes' awful fast.

FRANK: I'll bet 'e went jes' like the wind—only faster.

TED: Yes—an' the bear, he run, an' run, an' run, an' kep' sayin': "I'll eat you fer my supper," an' the little boy says: "You better try to ketch me first." An' they run 'bout fifty miles, an' then they come to the little boy's house, an' he run through the gate an' shut it. so's the bear couldn't git through.

BESS: Goody! I bet the bear was mad.

TED: Huh, he jes' clum right over the gate quick as scat. an' run to the house; an' the little boy run in an' shut the door so's the bear couldn't git through an'—what you s'pose?—he jes' jumpt right through the winder!

FRANK: 'Through glass an' all? Gee, that was some jump.

TED: An' the boy run upstairs inter his room an' shut the door, an'—lis'en here—that bear jumpt right through the door, bustin' a hole in it, an' opent his mouth so wide a autymobile could git in it, an'—

BESS: I ain't goin' to stay an' see that boy git et up. [*Calls.*]
Mamma, oh, mamma! [*Runs off.*]

LAURA: That's an awful mean story, so! [*Runs off.*]

TED: An' the room was al-l-l dar-r-r-k, an' the bear's eyes was red, an' his tongue was red, an'—

FRANK: Say, I—I—I got—to-o-o go—honest, I have. [*Runs off.*]

TED: An'—[*looking around in frightened way*—seems like—I hear [*looking around and speaking in frightened tone*—somethin' in—the other room. Mebbe it's—a—a—BEAR! [*Gives loud scream and runs off.*]

MAKING A CAKE

CHARACTERS: FRED, JOHN, ELLIS.

SCENE: *A kitchen, with a table to work on.*

Discovered, the Boys.

FRED: Now that ma is away let's make a cake an' eat it all up 'fore she gits home.

JOHN: That'd be great, but we dunno how to make a cake.

ELLIS: Let's try anyhow; we can make it out of a book.

FRED: Huh, they don't make cakes out of books.

ELLIS: Oh, you boob. I mean read in one o' ma's books how to make it.

JOHN: Well, come on, let's start. I'll find a book. [*Hunts*

until he finds a book.] Now where does it tell 'bout cakes? [*Boys look at book.*]

FRED: Here 't is. Let's make this one. [*Reads aloud.*]

"Cream half a cup of butter—"

JOHN: How do you cream butter?

ELLIS: W'y, I s'pose you churn it in a churn, same as you do to butter cream. I 'll do that.

[*Gets a small pail or churn or a crock that has a dasher made of piece of stick with cross pieces nailed to bottom. Goes to side of room and pretends to put in butter. Brings churn to table and churns merrily.*]

FRED: Then it says to beat two eggs.

JOHN: I 'll beat the eggs—that 's easy. [*Brings two eggs to table. (These can be merely the shells from which inside has been blown out and used.) He gets a good-sized stick and beats the eggs with it, smashing them into bits.*] Gee, these are runnin' all over the table an' we 'll have to eat shells an' all. Well, I 'll pound the shells up so 's we won't notice 'em. [*He continues to pound and ELLIS churns.*]

FRED: An' it says to stone half a cup of raisins. I 'll do that.

[*Gets a pasteboard container that has brown crusts cut into pieces for raisins and sets it on table.*] Now I 'll have to find some stones. [*Runs out.*]

ELLIS: I wonder how long I have to churn this 'fore it gets to be cream. It seems silly to make butter into cream when you 've jes' made cream into butter.

Enter FRED.

FRED: Well, I 've got some stones so 's I can stone the raisins.

[*Stands off a short distance and throws stones, one after another, at box until it falls on floor.*] Say, do you s'pose I 've stoned 'em enough?

JOHN: Well, do you s'pose I 've beat these eggs enough?

The shells seem real fine, so I guess we won't notice 'em when we eat 'em.

ELLIS: An' do you s'pose I've pounded this butter enough to make it cream? [*Looks into churn.*] Gee, it's all stuck on the dasher an' bottom of the churn, like salve.

JOHN: Shall I scrape these eggs up into a dish?

FRED: Well, I'll give these raisins a few more stones.
[*Throws stones at package on floor.*]

ELLIS: Shucks! I don't believe this is the way to make a cake.

FRED: Don't seem like it'll taste very good. [*Noise is heard outside.*] Oh, there's ma! What'll she say to this mess?

JOHN: Let's beat it 'fore she gets us. [*Exeunt.*]

CURTAIN

THE NAUGHTY MOUSE

CHARACTERS: GRANDMAS BROWN, JONES, and EVANS, and
NELLIE BROWN.

Three little girls dress as grandmas with long gowns, white kerchief about neck, hair done up and powdered, and spectacles. The smallest girl wears real short dress to look as young as possible.

Discovered, the three GRANDMAS sitting in chairs.

GRANDMA BROWN: I'm so glad you came over for a visit. It seems like old times.

GRANDMA JONES: What good times we used to have when we were young. I was thinking only yesterday about the time I went out in the back yard and drove the wildcat away. I don't see how I dared do it; but I wasn't 'fraid.

GRANDMA EVANS: And once when I was a girl I killed a

rattlesnake all alone—just think! Everyone said I was dreadful brave.

GRANDMA BROWN: And I used to go out in the woods to hunt the cattle when I was real young. There were bears an' wolves running 'round; but I was n't 'fraid. My mother used to worry 'bout me like ev'rything; but I went jes' the same.

GRANDMA JONES: My, my, those were splendid times. We didn't have all the folderols the young folks do nowadays; but we had lots of pleasure, an' we learned to be brave.

GRANDMA EVANS: I should say *SO!* Jes' think how the young folks to-day would act if they saw bears an' wolves an' wildcats an' rattlesnakes.

GRANDMA BROWN: W'y, they'd be plum' scart to death. We'd have to show 'em how to be brave.

GRANDMA JONES: Once when I was 'bout fourteen there was a wolf out in our back field an' I wanted to take father's gun an' go shoot it, but my mother would n't hear to it. I wasn't 'fraid of— [*Looks.*] Oh, I—

GRANDMA BROWN: What is it?

GRANDMA JONES: Oh, I saw a—a mouse!

GRANDMA EVANS: A mouse? Oh, they scare me to death! [*She climbs stiffly upon her chair, holding her skirt about her.*]

GRANDMA JONES: Oh, it scares me so I jes' know I'll have a heart spell. [*Climbs stiffly on to her chair.*]

GRANDMA BROWN: Oh, where is it? If it runs at me I'll sure faint away. [*Climbs on to her chair.*]

GRANDMA EVANS: There, I think I saw it. [*All scream.*] Oh, this is dreatful with my rheumatiz so bad, too. Oh, oh, oh!

GRANDMA JONES: Oh, one of you get down an' scare it out the room, so 's I can go home. I re'lly mus' be goin'.

GRANDMA BROWN: Oh, I could n't think of drivin' it out—I ain't feelin' well.

GRANDMA EVANS: I can't git down— What if it 'd run under my skirt.

[All scream and shudder and hold skirts tight.]

Enter NELLIE BROWN.

NELLIE *[looking from one to another]*: Gee, what in the world 's the matter? You playin' circus?

THE GRANDMAS *[together]*: Oh, a mouse, a mouse!

NELLIE: A mouse? Is that all? Where is it? I'll fix 'im.

[Grabs broom from the corner and begins to pound on floor and make a racket.] Get out of here, you rascal.

I'll fix you, you little Hun. Shoo! Well, I guess he 's gone—can't see 'im anywhere.

[GRANDMAS climb down very stiffly, looking around carefully.]

GRANDMAS *[together]*: What an escape! *[Sink weakly into chairs.]*

CURTAIN

THE SCHOOL BOARD'S VISIT

CHARACTERS

MISS GREEN, *the teacher*

MR. SLOAN, MR. BENSON, and MR. TUGGS, *school board*
WILL, JOE, TIM, JACK, HATTIE, LUCY, MARY, JANE, *pupils*

SCENE: *The schoolroom.*

Discovered, MISS GREEN and the PUPILS.

MISS GREEN: Now, children, we are to have a visit from the school board, and I hope you will all be very good and polite while they are here. You must sit up straight in

your seats and pay attention, and if they ask you any questions, try *very* hard to answer them, so they will think you have been well taught. [*Scraping of feet is heard.*] I think they are coming now. [*Shakes finger.*] Be *very* good. [*Knock is heard; she goes to door.*] Good afternoon, gentlemen. Come in. We are very glad to see you. [*Shakes hands.*] Children, our school board has come to visit us. Isn't that nice? [*She gives them chairs.*]

PUPILS: Yes, ma'am. [*SLOAN and BENSON sit.*]

TUGGS: Yes, children, we came over fer a little visit to—to visit ye, 'cause we thought it would be nice to—to visit ye. Now, children, I hope ye are all real good, an' I 'm sure yer real smart, 'cause yer real bright-lookin', an' with sech a nice—ahem—teacher to teach ye I 'm sure yer real—real nice an' smart, yes. An' it's a wonderful thing, children, to go to school to a nice—ahem—teacher an' larn to be nice an' smart, yes. Ye know, children, the Good Book tells as how wisdom is better 'n agates an' moonstones, an' right here's where ye git it, yes.

MARY [*waving hand*]: Teacher's got a diamund—Hank Barnes give it to 'er.

[*TUGGS sits; other men cough to hide laughter.*]

MISS GREEN [*confused*]: Now, children, I think, that is, children, perhaps I—I—our other visitors will make us nice speeches. You want to hear them, don't you?

PUPILS: Yes, ma'am.

SLOAN [*rising*]: Wal, children, I hain't come here to make no speech. I hain't no speechmaker. If I do say it myself, I kin run a plow an' pitch hay with the best of 'em, but when it comes to speeches, I hain't no Fourth-a-July o-raytor. What I come here fer is to see how yer behavin' an' how much yer larnin' from this nice teacher we got fer ye. So I 'm goin' to ask ye some questions. What 's the name o' the five zones? [*Points to WILL.*]

WILL [*rising*]: W'y,—er—the tap'rate zone an'—

JACK [*waving hand*]: An' the itemp'rate zone.

SLOAN: Jes' so. Some folks-consid'rabable many—is in-temp'rate.

WILL: An' the—the—

LUCY: Please, sir, they's the postal zone, 'cause my maw knows which number we live in. [WILL *sits*.]

SLOAN: Very good. We al' know 'bout the postal zone, don't we, children?

PUPILS: Yes, sir.

JOE [*waving hand*]: The they's the war zone. Paw, he read 'bout it in the paper.

SLOAN: Jes' so. The war zone. Now, children. I see ye know the zones real well. 'What's the stummick? [Points to TIM.]

TIM [*rising*]: W'y, it's a—well,—er—a smethin' inside o' us that we put food into which we have et an'—an' it's made o' rubber.

SLOAN: Tut, tut! What makes you say it's made o' rubber?

TIM: Yes, 'tis, 'cause maw said so yistaday. She said I couldn't eat so much if my stummick wasn't made o' rubber. [CHILDREN *laugh*.]

SLOAN [*scratching head*]: Wal, I hain't goin' to deespute yer maw's word—'tain't polite. [TIM *sits*.] Now we must do a little 'rithmytic. This little boy. [Points to JACK.] If I give ye three dogs an' Mister Benson gives ye two more, how many will ye have then?

JACK [*rising*]: W'y,—w'y,—er—if you gives me three dogs an' he gives me two dogs, I'll have [*counts on fingers*] seven dogs!

SLOAN: Tut, tut. Two and three hain't seven.

MISS GREEN: Why, Jack, you know better than that.

JACK: Yes, sir, seven, 'cause I 've got two dogs to home an' that 'd make seven.

SLOAN: Wal, I guess yer right. [JACK *sits*.] I see, childrun,

yer real well taught. Now I'll let Mister Benson ask ye somethin'. [*Sits.*]

BENSON [*rising*]: Ahem! I—er—[*blows nose*—I—you know, childrun, things is divided inter three kingdoms—yes, three kingdoms—an'—

HATTIE [*waving hand*]: But they hain't goin' to have kings 'cause the world's gittin' tired o' kings 'cause they're bad.

BENSON: Mebbe so, but they's three kingdoms, childrun, ye know, the vegetabul, the animul, an' the min'rul. Now, this girl [*points to JANE*], tell me which kingdom hops belongs to.

JANE [*rising*]: Please, sir, to 'the animal kingdom.

BENSON: Hops? Animul kingdom? Now jes' think real

JANE hard an' see if ye can't do better.

an' they're 's hops an' they're an'mals, an' rabbits hops an' they're 's 'mals, an' boys hops an' they're an'mals. an'—

WILL: Aw, boys hain't no an'mals.

JANE: They be, too; same's apes.

BENSON: Wal, I wouldn't say, now, they's same as apes—not quite the same. Now we'll try agin. [*JANE sits.*] What kingdom does the ches'nut belong to? [*Points to JOE.*] Yes, the ches'nut—what kingdom?

JOE: The—er—ches'nut—w'y,—er—the ches'nut belongs to the an'mal kingdom.

BENSON: An'mal? The ches'nut? Now think hard—think of a ches'nut. Don't it belong to the vegetabul kingdom—hey?

JOE: But, say, I was thinkin' of the horse ches'nut. [*Sits.*]

BENSON: Wal,—er—of course, the—the horse ches'nut, of course, that's dif'runt. Now I guess it's Mister Tuggs's turn. [*Sits.*]

TUGGS: [*rising*]: Now, children, I s'pose you know 'bout ginder, you know, whether they're he er she, an' we call

'em maskaline an' femmernine. Now, what ginder is lady? [*Points to MARY.*]

MARY [*rising*]: W'y, it 's—it 's—

TUGGS: Now what ginder is yer maw?

MARY: Maskerline.

TUGGS: No, no, a man is maskerline ginder.

MARY: Wal, paw says maw is the man at our house. He says she oughter wear the pants.

[*TEACHER and MEN cough and smile behind hands.*]

TUGGS: Yes—er, of course, jes' so. Now you tell me what a milksop is? [*Points to LUCY.*]

LUCY: It's a—a—er—a breakfast food that you eat with milk.

HATTIE [*waving hand*]: No, sir, it 's a rag to sop up spilt milk with.

JACK [*waving hand*]: Oh, oh, I know! He's like teacher's feller, for Uncle Bill said Hank Barnes is a reg'lar milksop.

[*MEN cough and laugh; PUPILS giggle.*]

MISS GREEN [*angrily*]: I 'll tend to you, Jack Hinton.

TUGGS: We 've hed an injoyible visit, teacher an' children, an' I 'm sure the school is fine an' yer larnin' splendid. Now I guess we 'll hev to go, but we 'll come agin, yes.

[*MEN shake hands with TEACHER and exeunt.*]

CURTAIN

THE SPELLING CLASS

CHARACTERS

MISS JONES, *the teacher.*

CHARLES, JAMES, TOM, FRED, NORA, IDA, SUSAN, *pupils.*

SCENE: *A schoolroom; maps on wall, desk with books for teacher, chairs arranged for seats.*

MISS JONES [*tapping bell*]: Spelling class, attention. Stand. [*CHILDREN rise.*] March. [*They march forward as TEACHER claps hands to mark time.*] Toe the line. [*If there is no crack in floor the CHILDREN toe a chalk mark.*] Charles, get your feet back where they belong.

CHARLES: Teacher, my feet's so big I can't see where the line is. [*Toes line with difficulty.*]

MISS JONES: I hope you all studied your lesson diligently because it is very important that you should become good spellers.

FRED: Say, teacher, Tom Higgins wrote a note to Mary Beggs an'—

TOM: Aw, I didn't, neither.

FRED: Yes, ma'am, an' he begun it "d—double e—r Mary" an'—

TOM: I never did.

FRED: Yes, ma'am, he did, an'—

TOM: You keep still or [*shaking fist at FRED*] I'll—

MISS JONES [*rapping with ruler*]: Order! Quiet! Fred, you talk too much. James, you may spell incompatibility.

JAMES: I-n in, e-o-m com, incom, p-a-t pat, incompat, i, incompati, b-i-l-l bill, incompatibil—

MISS JONES: Wrong; that's not the way to spell bil.

JAMES: That 's the way Uncle Bill spells it.

MISS JONES: Well, this isn't your Uncle Bill, is it? Next, spell incompatibility.

FRED: I-n in, c-o-m com, incom, p-a-t pat, incompat, i, incompati, incompat—an' I—incompat—an' I—say, teacher, I can't remember what the feller's name is that comes in next. I got Pat an' I in, but now I 've forgot who comes in next.

SUSAN [*waving hand in air*]: Oh, I know—it 's Bill.

FRED: Oh, yes—in comes Pat first, then I, an' then Bill, all comin' to tea.

MISS JONES: That will do. I see you do not know how to spell the word. Next, you may spell incompatibility.

IDA: I-n in, c-o-m com, incom, p-a-t pat, incomespat, i, incomespatan' I, b-i-l-l-y billy, in comes Pat an' I an' Billy—

MISS JONES: No, no, you are not spelling that right.

CHARLES: It ain't Billy that comes in; it 's Bill.

IDA: Well, it says Billy in the word anyhow. It says incompatibilly, so there.

MISS JONES: Children, be still. Ida, I am surprised you cannot spell the word. Next, incompatibility.

NORA: I-n in, c-o-m com, incom, b-i-l bil, incomesbil,—

TOM: Oh, teacher, she 's got Bill come in before Pat. [CHILDREN all laugh.]

MISS JONES: Well, of all the stupid classes! Next, you may spell the word and see if you can get Pat and I and Bill to come in in proper order.

SUSAN: I-n in, c-o-m com, incom, p-a-t pat, incompat—incompat—. Teacher, I 've got Pat in, now do I come in next an' then Bill 'fore we get the tea?

MISS JONES: It would n't take a very smart person to see that you do not know how to spell the word.

SUSAN: That 's an awful hard word. Pat an' I an' Bill get all mixed up in it. Shall we try to come in again?

MISS JONES: No, you cannot have another trial. Next, spell incompatibility.

TOM: I-n in, c-o-m com, incom, p-a-t-t-y patty, incompatty—

FRED: Aw, it ain't Patty that comes in—it's Pat. He thinks it's Patty 'cause he's so stuck on the girls. [*Other children laugh.*]

TOM: That ain't so, smarty; an' it is, too, Patty, 'cause teacher said incompatty, didn't you, teacher?

MISS JONES: No, I said incompat-i—

NORA: Oh, teacher, maybe it was n't Pat that come in; maybe it was just Pat's eye. That's an awful funny word.

MISS JONES [*severely*]: The word is not so funny as this class is stupid. I am ashamed of you. Next, you may spell incompatibility.

CHARLES: I-n in, c-o-m com, incom, p-a-t pat,—there, I've got Pat in—incompat, i, incompati—now I've got in so Pat an' I are in all right—b-i-l bil, incompatibil—

JAMES: An' now he's got Bill in, too.

CHARLES: B-i-l bil, in come Pat an' I an' Bill, i, in come Pat an' I, an' Bill an' I—gee, teacher, how can I come in again when it don't say nothin' 'bout my goin' out? Do I git tea twice?

IDA: I don't see any sense to that word—in come Pat an' I an' Bill an' I—

JAMES: I don't see what she wants to come in with Pat an' Bill both for; a girl don't need two fellows.

IDA: I didn't say I did.

MISS JONES: This lesson is a disgrace. You may take your seats and study. I will hear you spell after school to-night. Pass.

CURTAIN

SAMUEL'S PROPOSAL

CHARACTERS: SAMUEL *and* HETTIE.

Discovered: SAMUEL and HETTIE sitting with chairs several feet apart.

SAMUEL: I 've bin thinkin' for some time, Hettie—I 've bin thinkin'—ye know—

HETTIE: No, I didn't know.

SAMUEL: That we might—that it might be a good plan—to—fer us to—pervided ye feel agreeabul—to git married.

HETTIE [*bashfully twisting handkerchief*]: Oh, w'y, Samuel, that 's real nice, but—that is—I—

SAMUEL: I think ye 're a real good cook—'course, I want somebody that kin cook well, seein' I 'm uster havin' the best—my mother bein' sech a fine cook.

HETTIE: Yes, I 'spose so, Samuel.

SAMUEL: An' I s'pose ye kin sew, can't ye? Maw says wimmin oughter do all their own sewin', 'cause it saves sech a lot o' money—these dressmakers charge somethin' awful. An' then, too, ye could do quite a bit o' sewin' fer me, makin' shirts an' overalls an' sech.

HETTIE: Wal, I kin sew some.

SAMUEL: Mebbe ye kin practice, so 's to do better 'fore we git married. An' then I 'd like ye to know quite a bit 'bout nursin'—it 's awful handy to be able to take keer o' sick folks—them hired nurses charges somethin' terrible. Mebbe Mis' Henley might teach ye some. She 's real good at it.

HETTIE: Yes, she is, Samuel.

SAMUEL: I 'm real glad ye kin drive a team good, 'cause

like 's not ye 'll be able to help me sometimes. Real offun I need somebody to drive team fer me.

HETTIE: Paw says I drive 'bout 's good as he does.

SAMUEL: An' I hope yer real good at figgerin'—I hate this addin' an' multiplyin' an' so forth, an' I 'd like fer ye to keep all our accounts.

HETTIE: Wal, I kin figger pritty good, so paw says.

SAMUEL: An' I 'll want ye to be real savin', for I 'd like to git on well. 'Course I 've got a good farm an' money laid by, but I 'm thinkin' of buyin' anuther farm.

HETTIE: That 'd be real nice.

SAMUEL: An' yer real good with poultry, ain't ye? A woman kin make an awful lot with hens if she 's a good hand.

HETTIE: Wal, I 've raised poultry quite a bit.

SAMUEL: An' so [*moves chair closer*], it seems to me, seein' yer so qualerfied to make a good farmer's wife we [*moves closer*] might 's well be gittin' married, Hettie. [*Moves closer and tries to take her hand.*]

HETTIE [*pulling hand away*]: Wal, now, they 's a few things I 'd like to ask you 'bout 'fore I agree. I 'm sort o' per-tickler what kind of a man I git. Kin ye cook any?

SAMUEL: W'y, I—I—no, I can't.

HETTIE: Wal, I think a man oughter be able to cook so 's to git meals if his wife 's sick or wants to go visitin'. Be you much of a carpinter?

SAMUEL: W'y, I—no, I don't know nothin' 'bout it.

HETTIE: Wal, I think a man oughter know how to use hammer an' saw an' sech, 'cause they 's lots he kin do fer a woman, puttin' up shelves, an' makin' winder boxes an' mendin' fernychoor, an' so on.

SAMUEL: I—'spose so.

HETTIE: Then I 'd like ye to be able to wipe dishes without breakin' 'em, an' to sweep the settin' room, er mop up the kitchen' so 's you could help me if I 's real busy.

SAMUEL: But I—I—that is—I—

HETTIE: An' be ye real good at paintin' an' paperin' rooms? We 'd need ter fix yer house up a lot with new paint an' paper—it's lookin' dreatful dingy—an' it 'd save a lot if you could paint an' paper, fer them hired paperhangers charges awful.

SAMUEL: I ain't never done sech work—I 'm a farmer an' I can't bother with all them things. Besides, we don't hafter do all that fixin'—the house has bin good nuff fer maw fer all these years without wastin' money on paint an' paper, an' I guess it 'll do us.

HETTIE: An' I hope yer a good hand at makin' gardin an' raisin' fruit an' berries. Some men don't know nothin' 'bout it, but it's an awful help.

SAMUEL [*rising*]: Wal, if yer goin' to be so partic'lar an' want a man to do all them foldyrols, we may 's well quit—I ain 't goin' to be no woman's slave.

HETTIE: Wal, seems to me what's sauce fer the goose is sauce fer the gander; but it don't matter, 'cause I 'm goin' to marry Hank West an' he didn't ask if I was a cook an' dressmaker an' nurse an' bookkeeper an'—
[SAMUEL *starts from room.*] Wal, good-bye, Samuel; but ye don't need to hurry. [*Exit SAMUEL.*] Now, hain't that jes' like a man!

CURTAIN

LEM HECK'S HORSE

CHARACTERS

MR. PEET *and* MRS. PEET
GRANDMA *and* GRANDPA PEET

JED, SIS *and* JAKE PEET
LEM HECK.

SCENE: *The Peet living room.*

Discovered, JED and JAKE.

JED: I don't think much of the new horse Lem Heck bought.
That scar on his front foot is—

JAKE: Front foot? W'y, that scar is on his *hind* foot.

JED: Hind foot nothin'—it's on his right front one.

JAKE: I guess I looked that horse over well, an' it's on the
hind foot, an'—

JED: Say, you boob, you don't know a hind foot from a—

JAKE [*loudly*]: I guess I know 'bout 's much any day as you
do, an' that horse is—

JED [*loudly*]: 'Tain't neither—it's the front foot. I'd go
hide if I was you, an'—

JAKE: Hide yerself—you don' know black from white, an'
I tell you that—

Enter SIS.

SIS: Mercy sakes, what 's all this fuss about? It sounds like
you 're havin' an awful quarrel. Ain't you 'shamed to
act this way?

JED: He don' know a hind foot from a—

JAKE: Oh, you got wheels in yer head, an'—

SIS: Now stop this! It ain't nice, an' you make up right off.

JED: All right, I s'pose it's silly.

JAKE: Yes, no need to quarrel. [*They shake hands.*]

JED: But anyway that horse of Lem Heck's got a—

SIS: What, that new one that's got the white spots on 'is back?

JAKE: He ain't got no white spots on 'is back—they 're on—

SIS: W'y, they are, too, on 'is back, for—

JED: Aw, git out! You don't know what yer talkin' 'bout.

SIS: I do, too. I know jest as much 'bout that horse as you do, greenhorn. Jest 'cause you 're a boy you—

JAKE: What do girls know 'bout horses? Don't put on airs, smarty.

SIS: I ain't puttin' on airs, you horrid thing, an'—

JED [*loudly*]: You be too, an'—

SIS [*louder*]: I tell you I ain't, an'—

Enter MRS. PEET.

MRS. PEET: Children, stop this disputing—the neighbors will hear you. How often have you been told not to quarrel?

SIS: I 'm sure I don't want to quarrel—I 'm not so silly. You boys have your own way—it 's all right. [*Shakes hands with each boy.*]

JAKE: We don't care 'bout Lem Heck's horse, anyhow.

MRS. PEET: What horse? That new bay one he 's jes' bought?

SIS: Bay? W'y, that horse ain't bay—it 's sorrel.

MRS. PEET: Sorrel? You mus' be color blind! It 's a light bay, an'—

JED: W'y, maw, where hev yer eyes been? It ain't light—it 's a dark—

MRS. PEET: Now, look here, I guess I saw that horse, an' it 's a light—

SIS: I tell you it 's a sorrel, 'cause—

MRS. PEET [*loudly*]: The idee! Sorrel, you don't know—

JED [*louder*]: I tell you it 's a—

JAKE [*louder*]: Lis'en here—it 's a dark—

MRS. PEET [*louder*]: Ain't I the mother of this fam'ly? I tell you—

Enter MR. PEET.

MR. PEET: What in the world 's goin' on here? It sound like a 'sylum. Don't you know that it ain't nice to quarrel?

MRS. PEET: 'Course it ain't nice, an' we 're goin' to quit right off. [*Pats SIS on the back.*] We don't care 'bout that ol' horse.

MR. PEET: What horse?

MRS. PEET: The one Lem Heck jes' bought—you saw it the other day.

MR. PEET: Oh, that sort o' ches'nut buggy horse?

MRS. PEET: Ches'nut? Where 's yer eyes? It 's a—

SIS: It 's a sorrel, paw! You didn't see straight.

JED [*loudly*]: I tell you that horse is a dark—

MRS. PEET [*louder*]: It 's a light—I tell you a light—

MR. PEET [*louder*]: Ain't I the head o' this fam'ly an' don't I know what color a horse is? The idee!

MRS. PEET: Yes, paw, but it 's a—

SIS: A sorrel, paw—a real sorrel, an'—

MR. PEET [*louder, rapping on table*]: Ain't I bin handlin' horses all my life, an' don't I know what color that buggy horse is?

JAKE: It ain't a buggy horse—it 's a work horse.

MR. PEET [*very loud*]: Look here, young man, I want you to understand—

Enter GRANDPA and GRANDMA.

GRANDPA: Dear, dear, this is an awful racket. Be you folks havin' a quarrel?

GRANDMA: Ain't that a shame when we allus brought up our fam'ly not to quarrel, but to live peac'bul?

GRANDPA: If they 's anything I hate it 's to hear folks havin' disputes. Don't you know they don't do no good?

GRANDMA: An' they 're wrong, too—'tain't right to quarrel.

GRANDPA: Wal, Melvin, here, gits it from yer side the house.
They was great fer disputin' an'—

GRANDMA: That 's no sech a thing, an' you know it. Wasn't
your folks allus havin' quarrels?

GRANDPA: Here, here, now don't go sayin' things that ain't
so, fer ev'rybody knows that—

GRANDMA: Don't you go pickin' on my folks—yer allus doin'
that, an'—

GRANDPA: I ain't neither; but you know that—

GRANDMA [*loudly*]: I don't neither!

GRANDPA [*rapping with cane and speaking very loud*]:
You do!

MR. PEET: Great Scot, you two better stop or folks 'll be
comin' in to see what 's up.

MRS. PEET: Wal, I should say so.

GRANDPA [*patting GRANDMA'S shoulder*]: Mebbe so! I guess
that 's so. [*Knock is heard.*]

Enter LEM HECK.

MR. PEET: Come in, come in, Lem.

LEM HECK: I come over, Mel, to see if you 'll help me take
my horses to town. I bin buyin' some to ship to my
brother—a ches'nut buggy horse, an' a bay, an' a sorrel,
an' sev'ral others. Mebbe you 've seen me drivin' 'em
for exercise.

MR. PEET: Yes, I have. Sure, I 'll help ye.

[*Exeunt MR. PEET and LEM.*]

MRS. PEET: There, we all of us was right—only we seen
diff'rent horses.

GRANDPA: An' remember it don't do no good to quarrel!

CURTAIN

Enter MARIE, followed by GEORGE.

MARIE: Here 's a caller to see you, Miss. [*Aside.*] An' he ain't as nice lookin' as the grocery boy, to my notion. [*Exit.*]

CORA: How do you do, George? I 'm glad to see you. Have a chair. [*They sit.*] It 's a nice day. [*Aside.*] What will Aunt Cornelia say if she finds him here?

GEORGE: Yes, it 's a fine day. Pa wants it to rain so 's to help the crops; but I like this nice weather. Suits me all right. I don't like the rain—takes too much trouble to keep my shoes polished when it 's muddy. Some swell party we had the other night, was n't it? I s'pose you 've heard 'bout the one over to Keller's next week. Say, you 'll go with me, won't you? I thought I 'd ask you early an' avoid the rush. Have some candy? [*Pulls paper sack from pocket and CORA takes a stick of candy. GEORGE helps himself and they both take a bite.*]

CORA: Oh, thank you. I 'm sure I shall be glad to go. We 'll have a good time.

GEORGE: Yes, there 'll be something doin' all right. I 'm goin' to make pa let me take the Ford. He thinks an ol' horse and buggy 's good nuff for me to run around with; he 's awful stingy with that Ford, but I guess he 'll let me take it if I keep at 'im.

CORA: Oh, that will be lovely. [*Bell rings.*] Oh, there is Aunt Cornelia. Oh, dear, what shall we do? She 'll be horrified to find you here! I 'll cover you up with a spread and she 'll think you are a table. Then pretty quick I 'll take her upstairs to see my new dress, and you can go home. Quick, quick! Down on your hands and knees!

GEORGE: Gee, that ain't no fun. [*Gets down on hands and knees with back raised, and she covers him with a shawl or blanket.*]

Enter MARIE, followed by HARRY.

MARIE: Here, Miss Cora, is a caller come to see you. [*Aside.*]
An' he ain't so swell as my grocery fellow, neither.
[*Exit.*]

CORA: Oh, Harry, how do you do? I am glad to see you.
Have a chair. [*They sit.*] Lovely day, isn't it? [*Aside.*]
What *will* Aunt Cornelia think?

HARRY: Yes, this is swell weather. I ought to be home at work, but I thought I'd come over an' see if you knew 'bout the party they're goin' to have next week at Keller's. I don't want to miss that—we'll have a great time all right. George is goin' to get his father to let him run the Ford, an' he asked me to ride with 'im an' take some girl. Say, you go with me, won't you? George can take Millie Hanley, an' they can sit on the front seat, an' you an' I'll have the back seat. Won't that be swell? He'll likely run us into the ditch, 'cause he ain't much of a driver, but we won't mind a little thing like that.

[GEORGE, *who is behind* HARRY, *rises up and shakes fist at him. Bell rings.*]

CORA [*rising*]: Oh, there is Aunt Cornelia. Harry, she will be dreadfully shocked if she finds you here. Let me cover you with this blanket, and she will think you are a rocking chair. Then I'll take her upstairs to see my new dress and you can go home. Please! Quick!
[GEORGE *covers.*]

HARRY: Huh, I don't want to be a rockin' chair. [CORA *makes him hold his arms out to form arms of chair and covers him with blanket as he sits on his chair, fixing him so that he resembles a rocking chair.*]

Enter MARIE, followed by TOM.

MARIE: Well, Miss Cora, I've brought you a caller. Seems like you are having your share of them to-day all right.

[*Aside.*] An' not one of the three, accordin' to my way of thinkin', is as good lookin' as my fellow that delivers for the grocer. [*Exit.*]

CORA: Why, Tom, this is a surprise. I am glad to see you. Have a chair. [*They sit.*] I suppose you had to get out and enjoy the weather.

TOM: Sure thing—too nice to stay home at work. Say, this weather makes me feel like goin' to parties. I s'pose you haven't heard 'bout the one they're goin' to have at Keller's? We'll have some swell time, believe me. Have some gum? [*Pulls package from pocket, and she takes a stick. They both begin to chew gum.*] Say, I thought I'd come over an' see if you wouldn't go with me. Thought I'd be the first on deck an' ask you 'fore some other fellow got a chance. Say, there'll be something doing, all right. We don't want to miss it. You'll go with me, won't you? I heard George say he was goin' to make his father let him run the Ford, an' he'd take another couple along, an' I'll get 'im to take us. Old George is sort of a mutt at running a car, but he'll be so 'fraid he'll break it that he'll run 'bout three miles an hour, an' we'll be safe. Harry likely would like to go with George, but he's so 'fraid of a car he'd be scart that he might get thrown out an' get his new suit dirty. [*GEORGE raises hand under shawl and shakes fist at TOM. HARRY, who is just back of TOM, raises foot under blanket as if to kick him.*] You an' I can surely have some time ridin' on the back seat of George's little old Ford. [*Bell rings.*]

CORA [*rising*]: Oh, what shall I do? That is Aunt Cornelia. She will have a fit if she finds you here, Tom. She is so faultfinding, and she will tell mother when she comes home. Stand up here and let me make a hatrack of you, then I'll take her upstairs to see my new dress and you can go home. Oh, quick, quick!

[Stands him at back of stage, makes him hold hands out slightly and up, so as to form hooks to hang hats on, and covers him with blanket or shawl.]

Enter MARIE, followed by AUNT CORNELIA.

MARIE: Here, Miss Cora, is your aunt, come to call on you.
[*Aside.*] An' may heaven help you if she finds out about your fellows. [*Exit.*]

CORA [*shaking hands*]: Oh, Aunt Cornelia, how nice that you have come at last. I have been lookin' for you for the last hour.

AUNT CORNELIA: Well, I 'm here now, whether you 're glad to see me or not. You don't look very glad, seems to me. I s'pose you wanted to go off somewheres this nice afternoon. [*As she talks takes off hat and hangs it on one of TOM's hands and hangs coat on his other hand.*] This is a queer looking hatrack, but I s'pose it's some new-fangled thing you 've bought. Your mother always did have poor taste in picking out things. Well, I s'pose you 're as busy as ever doin' nothing. I don't see why in the world your mother don't make you learn to work like I did when I was a girl.

CORA: Why, I do work. I made a cake this morning.

AUNT CORNELIA: Made a cake! Humph! I s'pose you call that work. You 'll find that makin' a cake ain't runnin' a house by any means. Now, when I was your age, I could run a house as well as my mother could. I s'pose you 're gaddin' to parties, same as ever. [*Takes knitting from bag on her arm, then lays her bag on GEORGE's back.*] Well, sakes alive, if that ain't the homeliest table I 've seen in years. I s'pose it 's some new style.

CORA [*pointing*]: Take this chair, auntie.

AUNT CORNELIA: No, I 'll set here, though I must say it 's an awful odd lookin' piece of furniture. [*Sits down on HARRY's lap and jumps up with a scream.*] Mercy sakes,

that feels like a—a man! [*Snatches cover from off HARRY.*]

HARRY: You ain't very heavy, ma'am. I'll hold you if you want me to.

AUNT CORNELIA: Impudent scamp, don't you talk to me like that. [*Boxes his ear.*] What does this mean? [*GEORGE wiggles and her bag falls to floor, with a sound of breaking china. The bag should contain an old dish.*] There, now I s'pose the dish I brought you for a present is broke. [*She snatches cover from GEORGE, who gets up rubbing his knees.*] You terrible girl, what does this mean? I shall go right now and get your father. He must punish you severely. [*Hurries to rack and snatches her hat, at the same time pulling shawl from TOM.*] Oh, oh, mercy! Worse an' more of it!

TOM: We haven't done any harm, ma'am.

AUNT CORNELIA: Don't you talk to me! You fellows, git! [*Waves them out.*]

HARRY: Yes, ma'am, sure.

[*AUNT CORNELIA pushes them from stage.*]

CORA: Let me explain, auntie.

AUNT CORNELIA: Explain nothin'! You come with me to find your father an' I'll do the explainin'. Have you got any more of 'em hid here?

CORA: No, oh, no.

AUNT CORNELIA: Well, three is a-plenty, Miss. Such doin's I never did hear of. Wait till your father hears it. [*She marches CORA out.*]

NOTE: When George gets tired of holding his position as table he crouches down on floor to rest, rising up into place whenever any one enters or is apt to see him; Harry also drops his hands frequently to rest them. The boys can do this in such way as to add to the humor of the piece.

GETTING EVEN WITH SISTER'S BEAU

CHARACTERS

WILL and JIM EATON.

MRS. EATON and DAISY EATON.

MR. JARVIS, *the minister.*

SCENE: *The Eaton living room. The room must contain an old chair—one can be found among cast-off furniture—that is broken so that it will tip over, or else from an old chair have part of a leg removed and prop it up so it will look all right. It can have a throw over it and a cushion added, so that it will seem to be comfortable. Several pieces of fudge must be at hand for DAISY to bring in on a plate.*

Discovered, WILL and JIM.

WILL: Well, I guess we'll get even with Sis all right *this* time.

JIM: I should say so. She has been so mean to us she needs a lesson. The idea of her not giving us a piece of candy—keeping it all for her an' Hal Harley, jes' 'cause he likes fudge so well.

WILL: She 'll wish she had n't been so stingy to us when that Hal gets caught in the traps we've set for him. [*Looking at chair.*] Say, nobody would guess we had fixed this chair so it 'll fall over when he sits in it.

JIM: No, it looks all right; but the way we sawed that leg, it will tip over, sure as fate. Now let's put pins in this chair, so if he sits in it they 'll stick into 'im.

WILL: Oh, that's fine. [*They go to a chair having a thin cushion and push several pins through the cushion from the under side, so the points project slightly on upper*

side.] Now I hope either Sis or Hal Harley sits on this good an' hard. [*Boys laugh.*]

JIM: We 'll teach Miss Daisy to be mean to her little brothers.

WILL: Now let 's go find that fudge—I know where she put it—an' sprinkle some red pepper on it.

JIM [*slapping thigh with hand*]: Oh, won't that be fine! Poor Sis! [*They exeunt.*]

Enter MRS. EATON.

MRS. EATON: I wonder if Daisy dusted this room. [*Looks about.*] Yes, I think she did. [*Looks out.*] Oh, here comes Mr. Jarvis, the minister, to call. That is real nice. [*Knock is heard and she goes to door.*] Come in, Mr. Jarvis, I am very glad to see you.

Enter MR. JARVIS.

MR. JARVIS: I thought I would stop in a few minutes, Sister Eaton, and see if you are in good health and enjoying the blessings of life and contentment.

MRS. EATON: Yes, we are all well and progressing nicely. Do take this chair, Brother Jarvis. [*Points to the broken one.*] I hope you are enjoying good health.

MR. JARVIS: Very good, thank you, considering the fact—
[*Sits in the chair, settles himself with a twist, and tumbles to the floor as the chair falls over.*]

MRS. EATON: Oh, oh, dear me—mercy, how terrible! Oh, are you hurt, Brother Jarvis?

MR. JARVIS [*getting to his knees and rubbing himself*]: I—I hope not, Sister Eaton. [*Gets to his feet slowly.*] I—a most exceedingly queer chair, I must say. Very queer, indeed.

MRS. EATON: Oh, really, Brother Jarvis, I am amazed—I don't see how it ever happened to break down. Truly it was n't a weak chair. I'm so sorry. Please take this one.
[*Points to one with pins in it.*]

MR. JARVIS: The chair certainly looked strong, and I do not weigh an excessive amount. [*Sits on one with pins and arises quickly with a scream.*] Oh, I—why—this is—
[*Dances around nervously.*]

MRS. EATON: Oh, what is it? Don't tell me there is something the matter with this chair, too. Dear Brother Jarvis, I am simply overcome with shame.

MR. JARVIS: I—I—think I sat down on a—a—pincushion; at least, it felt very much like it.

MRS. EATON: Oh, dear, dear! How terrible to have things like this happen to you, of all men.

MR. JARVIS: Don't let it worry you, I beg of you. Accidents will happen occasionally.

Enter DAISY.

DAISY: Oh, Mr. Jarvis, I've just made some nice fudge, and I thought perhaps you'd like some. Men like fudge, I have found out.

MR. JARVIS: Thank you, Miss Daisy. I'm fond of fudge. A bit of sweet is good for all of us. [*Takes a piece and bites into it.*] Oh, ah! [*Spits, sputters, and coughs.*] Oh, indeed, I—I—[*coughs*—water—please!

DAISY: Why, what is it? Is something the matter?

MR. JARVIS [*spitting and coughing*]: Water—please!

DAISY: Come with me, quick. [*Takes MR. JARVIS out.*]

MRS. EATON: It's those boys—I'll fix them a-plenty! [*Exit.*]

CURTAIN

COUSIN JOSHUA

CHARACTERS

MISS SOPHIA.

JOSIE, *her niece.*KATE, *the maid.*

COUSIN JOSHUA.

MR. KEENS, *the minister.*MR. DARK, *an agent.*SCENE: *Living room of MISS SOPHIA'S home.**Discovered, MISS SOPHIA with a letter.*

MISS SOPHIA: I have a letter from Cousin Joshua, saying he is coming to visit me. I have not seen him for several years, and I am glad he is coming. I hope he will have a good time.

Enter JOSIE.

JOSIE: Oh, Aunt Sophia, have you received a love letter?

MISS SOPHIA: Certainly not—a letter from Cousin Joshua, whom you have never seen, saying he is coming to visit.

JOSIE: Oh, how nice. Is he handsome?

MISS SOPHIA: No—quite plain, but a good man. He is also very deaf.

JOSIE: Dear me! Do you have to yell to make him hear?

MISS SOPHIA: Yes, but I want you to be very nice to him because he has a lot of money and no near family.

JOSIE: A lot of money? Well, I'll be awful nice to him.

MISS SOPHIA: Be sure you do. [*Exit.*]

JOSIE: If I'm very, very nice to him, he may adopt me.

Enter KATE.

KATE: Where is your aunt, Miss Josie? I want to know how she wants the chicken cooked.

JOSIE: I think she went into the garden. Say, Kate, we 're going to have company.

KATE: Company, is it? Then I s'pose there 'll be extra work for me to do.

JOSIE: But he is rich—got just heaps of money.

KATE: Oh, then if I 'm nice to him perhaps he 'll give me tips.

JOSIE: Sure; but he is very deaf, and you have to yell dreadfully to make him hear.

KATE: Oh, I can do that all right. Won't it be nice to have a rich visitor? [*Exit.*]

Enter MISS SOPHIA, wearing hat and shawl.

MISS SOPHIA: I am going down to buy some things I want before Cousin Joshua comes. I think he 'll come on the afternoon train. Of course he might get here sooner, but I do not think it likely. You look after things while I 'm gone.

JOSIE: Certainly, Aunt Sophia. [*Exit MISS SOPHIA.*] I wish we could get on the good side of Cousin Joshua, so he 'd take Aunt Sophia and me for a trip to New York city—wouldn't that be swell? I think I 'll go sew on my new waist so it will be done to wear while Cousin Joshua is here. [*Exit.*]

[*There is a pause during which KATE is heard singing off the stage. Then there is a ring; KATE goes on singing, then there is a longer and louder ring of the bell.*]

Enter KATE.

KATE: I 'll bet my last dollar that the rich man has come to visit an' only me here to receive 'im. Now you jes' watch me be nice to the deaf ol' fellow. [*Goes to door.*] Come right in. [*Very loud.*] I 'm glad to see you, sir. Miss Sophia has gone to town. an' Miss Josie—I don't

know where she is, but I'll look after you till they git home. Let me take your satchel. [*She takes it from him.*]

Enter MR. DARK.

MR. DARK: But I—

KATE: Now don't you say a word. I can carry this well as not. [*Puts satchel at one side of room. Takes his hat and puts it up.*] Will you sit down, sir? The ladies will be here soon.

MR. DARK: Well I—that is—I—

KATE [*very loud*]: Now don't you mind that they're not here. I'll look after you. [*Aside.*] He's a homely ol' fellow, all right, an' don't look like he's got stacks of money, but a body never can tell by looks. [*To MR. DARK.*] I'll tell you, sir, I'm jes' bakin' cookies—[*louder.*] cookies! An' you come out here an' have a few—they're awful good.

MR. DARK: But, you see—I—you—

KATE: Now, Miss Sophia won't care a mite—you jes' come right along. [*Aside.*] He looks sorter hungry—mebbe he's too stingy to eat much, like some rich folks I've heard of. [*To MR. DARK.*] Jes' you come right along with me.

MR. DARK: But let me—

KATE: Oh, I know you're hungry—jes' come right along.
[*Takes him by the arm and marches him off.*]

Enter JOSIE.

JOSIE: I think I'll sit here and sew till Aunt Sophia gets back. [*Sits and sews.*] It sounds as if some one is talking in the kitchen. I wonder if Kate has a beau. I'd go and see, but it would make her mad. [*Bell rings.*] Oh, I do wonder if Cousin Joshua has come. Well, I'll certainly be nice to him. [*Goes to door.*] Come in. [*Talks very loud.*]

Enter MR. KEENS.

JOSIE: I am very glad to see you. [*Shakes hands.*] I know you are Cousin Joshua. I am Josie—you 've never seen me before. I 'm glad to meet you because I know you 're very nice, Cousin Joshua. [*Takes his hat.*]

MR. KEENS: But I am afraid—

JOSIE [*very loud*]: Now you mustn't worry. We 're very glad to see you. [*Aside.*] He does n't look very smart—or very rich either. [*To MR. KEENS.*] Aunt Sophia and I are going to make you have a fine time while you 're here.

MR. KEENS: I 'd like to explain that—

JOSIE: Yes, it 's too bad Aunt Sophia is n't here, but never mind—she 'll be here soon. [*Aside.*] He 's going to be a regular old stick, I know—not a bit of fun in him. [*To MR. KEENS.*] I 'll show you to your room, and you can brush up a bit before we have dinner.

MR. KEENS: But really, you see—I—

JOSIE [*very loud*]: Oh, it 's all right, Aunt Sophia won't mind. Come right this way. [*Takes him by the arm and leads him off.*]

Enter MISS SOPHIA.

MISS SOPHIA [*taking off hat and shawl*]: Well, now I must see if the house is all in order. I don't want Cousin Joshua to see any dust. [*Looks around.*] I hope Kate won't grumble about him—she does n't like company to work for; and I hope Josie will be nice to him even if he is deaf. [*Ring is heard.*] Well, I wonder if he has come sooner than I expected. [*Goes to door.*] W'y, Cousin Joshua—how are you? Come in.

Enter COUSIN JOSHUA.

MISS SOPHIA [*very loud*]: I 'm very glad to see you. I did n't think you 'd be here so soon. [*Takes his hat and bag.*]

COUSIN JOSHUA: Yes, I 'm pretty well, thank ye.

MISS SOPHIA: I hope you had a pleasant trip.

COUSIN JOSHUA: Wal, I bin troubled with rheumatiz, but I 'm better.

Enter JOSIE.

MISS SOPHIA: Josie, here is our Cousin Joshua, whom you have never seen.

COUSIN JOSHUA: What say?

JOSIE: Cousin Joshua? Heavens, then who is in the guest room?

MISS SOPHIA: What do you mean?

Enter KATE and MR. DARK.

KATE: I heard you talkin', Miss Sophia, so I brought in your cousin. I 've bin givin' him a little lunch—some cookies an' coffee.

MISS SOPHIA [*staring at MR. DARK*]: What do you mean? This [*pointing to COUSIN JOSHUA*] is the cousin I expected.

MR. DARK: Well, I tried to—

JOSIE: But then *who* is shut in the guest room? [*Falls into chair.*]

COUSIN JOSHUA: What say? [*Looks at MR. DARK.*] Hev ye bin gittin' married, Sophy?

MISS SOPHIA: No, no.

KATE: Oh my, oh me! What in the world have I done? I fed the wrong feller. [*Throws apron over face and runs out.*]

MR. DARK: I tried to explain that I was an agent, selling a fine line of hosiery, but she wouldn't listen an' conducted me to the kitchen. Then I found the cookies were so good that I kept silent. I didn't mean to deceive any one.

MISS SOPHIA: Well, what about the man in the guest room?

Enter MR. KEENS.

MR. KEENS: I heard voices, so I made bold to leave the guest room and see if I could get a chance to explain that—

JOSIE: Oh, oh, he is n't Cousin Joshua!

MISS SOPHIA: Of course he is n't.

COUSIN JOSHUA: Say, Sophy, what do all these men mean?

MR. KEENS [*very loud to COUSIN JOSHUA*]: We are mistakes.

[*To MISS SOPHIA.*] I am the new minister, and I called to invite you to attend a meeting we are going to have.

JOSIE: The minister! Oh, oh, and I put him in the guest room and shut the door. [*Hurries from room.*]

MR. KEENS: It is just a slight mistake, I assure you. I will go now, as you have company, and call at another time.

[*Gets hat and bows himself out.*]

MR. DARK: And I shall be pleased to call again and show you my fine samples. [*Gets satchel and goes out.*]

COUSIN JOSHUA: What they goin' for? I'd like to hev a visit with 'em.

MISS SOPHIA [*aside*]: What a dreadful mistake! Poor Josie.

[*To COUSIN JOSHUA.*] Oh, it's very funny.

COUSIN JOSHUA [*crossly*]: Money? What'd ye say 'bout my money? [*Aside.*] I hope she ain't tryin' to git some o' my money.

MISS SOPHIA [*very loud*]: Something funny happened. I'll tell you after awhile. Let me show you to your room.

[*Exeunt.*]

CURTAIN

READIN' THE NEWS

CHARACTERS

MAW GRIMES, PAW GRIMES, GRAN'MA, MARY, and JOE GRIMES.

SCENE: *Grimes' living room.*

Discovered, All the family, PAW with newspaper.

MAW: Now, paw, what 's the news? Don't set there readin' all to yerself.

PAW: Wal, tells 'bout Sim Barnes's brother, the one what 's a sailor, an' he 's bin drowned out to sea. He 'd made twenty-three trips crost the ocean.

GRAN'MA: Lan' sakes alive! An' which one o' them trips was he drowned on?

PAW [*looking*]: Don't say here which one, but I s'pose it was the last one.

GRAN'MA: Mebbe so. Don't see why it could n't 'a' told.

PAW: Now, what you think o' this? Jake Hinton 's gone West fer his lungs.

JOE: Gee, paw, how 'd they happin to be out West? Did 'e leave 'em there? I thought folks had to keep their lungs in 'em all the time.

MAW: Goodness sakes, Joey, it means he 's gone West to have 'em doctored.

JOE [*crossly*]: Then w'y, I 'd like to know, don't it say so.

PAW: Tells here 'bout a man bein' shot in the vesterbule down to the Pacific Hotel.

GRAN'MA: In ther vesterbule? Wal, now, that 's a part o' the body I ain't never heerd of before. Beats all how they 're allus gittin' new names. What part of 'im do you s'pose the vesterbule is?

MAW: W'y, that's a sort of a hall.

GRAN'MA: Hall, ye say? I ain't never heerd o' folks havin' halls in 'em. I 've heerd 'bout lights an' livers an' stummicks, but no halls.

MARY: I 'll bet it means the hall in the hotel, gran'ma.

GRAN'MA: Oh, mebbe it does.

PAW: Here's a piece 'bout how to train childern, an' it says never to spank 'em on a full stummick.

MAW: Who wants to spank 'em on their stummicks—turn 'em over.

PAW: Wal, wal, says here as how Nate Perkins has died. I 've knowed Nate fer thirty year—awful good feller. He 'd jes' fell heir to twenty thousand dollars from 'is uncle—an' now he 's dead.

MAW: I wonder what killed 'im.

MARY: I bet I know. He was so glad to git all that money from 'is uncle that it tickled 'im to death.

PAW: Says here they 're goin' to build a courthouse over to Paxton.

JOE: Say, paw, will folks haf to go over to Paxton to do their courtin' then? Bud Sims says Will Means takes teacher out buggy ridin' to court 'er, but I s'pose now that they'll haf to go to Paxton when this courtin' house is built.

MARY: Oh, silly, that ain't what it means.

PAW: Now, lis'en here, hain't this the limit? "For Sale: A horse by a needy lady with a limp in the left hind leg." How'd you s'pose she got a limp in 'er left hind leg?

MAW: Pshaw, paw, can't you see through nuthin'? It means the horse has the limp, not the lady.

PAW: Sho, here 's a dreatful accidint. "A man was out huntin' an' his gun went off when 'e was n't expectin' it an' sent a bullet through 'is brain so straight that his demise was instantaneous."

GRAN'MA: Landy sakes — the poor feller! An' did it kill 'im?

PAW: Wal, it don't say whether it did or not, but I should s'pose likely it would — don't you, maw?

MAW: Can't allus tell — my brother's wife's cousin got shot through the head instantan'us an' he got well an' is livin' yet.

PAW: You don't say! Awful queer things happens, don't they? Wal, guess I 'll pop some corn. [*Exit.*]

CURTAIN

SEEIN' MAW OFF

CHARACTERS

MR. SIM BAXTER *and* MAW BAXTER, *his wife.*

BUD *and* JULIE, *their children.*

MRS. SMALL, MRS. JAMES, *and* MR. GRIMES.

STATION AGENT.

SCENE: *The village depot. At one corner of back place a small table with curtain at each side to provide office for the AGENT. MRS. BAXTER carries umbrella, handbag, and a package. MR. BAXTER has suit case, and the children bundles.*

Discovered, the AGENT.

BUD [*outside*]: I bet the train 's went.

Enter MR. and MRS. BAXTER, BUD and JULIE.

JULIE: Oh, goody! If the train 's went maw can't go off visitin'.

MR. BAXTER: Shame on ye, Julie. Don't ye want yer maw to have a trip?

JULIE: No, I 'm 'fraid something will happen to 'er without us to look after 'er.

BUD: Aw, there won't neither. I guess maw can take care of herself. Don't she weigh nigh to a hundred an eighty?

MRS. BAXTER: Oh, hain't that jes' terrible if the train's went? I been gittin' ready fer this trip fer a year, an' if that pesky train's went without me I'll never start agin. I'll show that railroad, I will.

MR. BAXTER: Now, don't git excited. Mebbe it ain't went. I'll find out. [*Goes to AGENT's window and pounds on table.*] Say, anybody to home here? [*AGENT comes to window.*] Say, I want to ask ye somethin'.

AGENT: All right; fire away.

MR. BAXTER: Has the train went?

AGENT: What train?

MR. BAXTER: That one my wife's bin plannin' fer a year to start off on.

AGENT: Where 's she goin'?

MR. BAXTER: Now look here, young feller, I dunno as it's any your bizniss where my wife's goin', but bein' as it hain't no secret, she's goin' to see 'er sister over to Bumpville.

AGENT: That train won't be here for twenty minutes.

[*JULIE has seated herself and fusses with her hat, hair, ribbons, and smoothes her skirt; BUD goes about reading posters on wall. MAW stands near AGENT's window.*]

MRS. BAXTER: Land sakes a mercy! Twenty minutes to wait. That's 'cause I set the clock ahead half an hour las' night so 's I wouldn't miss the train.

MR. BAXTER: Wal, I s'pose I'll haf to buy a ticket. How much is a ticket to Bumpville?

AGENT: One ninety.

[MRS. BAXTER *pokes PAW with her umbrella and motions for him to follow her. They go to opposite side of room.*]

MRS. BAXTER: Now, paw, if you tell 'im we 're all goin' to ——— [names some nearby large city] 'fore long, mebbe he 'll let us have this ticket a little cheaper.

MR. BAXTER [returning to AGENT]: Now, it's this way: We 're all of us—the whole kit an' kaboodle—goin' to ——— [names city] after a little for a trip. You couldn't let us have this ticket a little cheaper, could ye, seein' we 're goin' to do so much travelin'?

AGENT: Couldn't possibly. It's against the rules.

MR. BAXTER: All right—s'pose I 'll haf to pay it. [*Sighs and puts down a bill.*]

MRS. BAXTER: That's a lot of money—I most wish I was n't goin'. [PAW takes his change, which they both count carefully.]

JULIE: Come on, Bud, let's go see if the train's comin'.

MR. BAXTER: Now if you children see it comin' you come right back in here where it can't run over ye. [JULIE and BUD *exeunt.*]

MRS. BAXTER: Now paw, listen here, now. You see that Julie puts the cat out ev'ry night, won't ye? An' that she helps the hired girl do the dishes, an'—

MR. BAXTER: Now, maw, don't be a-fussin'—we'll git along fine.

MRS. BAXTER: An' listen here, paw, you won't fergit to lock the back door an' wind the clock nights, will ye? An' don't let the house catch fire.

MR. BAXTER: Didn't I tell ye not to be a-fussin', maw? An' if they's a wreck, er the train runs off the track, er robbers hold up the cars, jes' you keep cool an' don't git excited.

MRS. BAXTER: Oh, paw, I'm skeert to death o' wrecks—I'm a notion not to go.

MR. BAXTER: Now did n't I tell ye not to be a-fussin'? An' say, if ye should happin to lose yer pockitbook er yer tickit now—

MRS. BAXTER: Oh, dear, I know I 'll have somethin' like that happen—I 'm jes' skeert to death. I wish I was n't goin'.

MR. BAXTER: See here, hain't I told ye not to fuss? An' say, maw, be awful keerful 'bout them there street cars. an' don't let 'em run over ye now.

MRS. BAXTER: Oh, paw, I read last week 'bout a woman bein' killed by a street car. Do you s'pose I better go?

MR. BAXTER: Pshaw, ain't I bin tellin' ye not to worry? You 'll be all right if nothin' don't happen.

Enter JULIE.

JULIE: Maw, have ye got yer ticket all safe?

MRS. BAXTER: Why, where is that ticket? [*Hunts in bag.*]

MR. BAXTER: Don't ye worry, maw, I got that tickit right here, safe in my pockit.

JULIE: Well, that won't help maw when she's on the train. Why don't ye give it to her?

MR. BAXTER: Shucks, I never thought o' that. Here, put it where it's safe.

MRS. BAXTER [*putting ticket in bag*]: An', paw, if it rains, you see that Julie shuts the winders.

Enter MR. GRIMES.

MR. GRIMES: Well, how are ye, Sim? Glad to see ye. Goin' off for a trip? How-de-do, Mrs. Baxter? Nice day to travel.

MRS. BAXTER: I 'm goin' to see my sister; the rest of the folks is goin' to stay home this time.

MR. GRIMES: Well, well, Sim, you're in for a good time. You 'll surely come to see me while she's gone. Come down some night an' we 'll play cards an' mebbe go to the movies. Don't stay home an' be lonesome.

MR. BAXTER: That 's a fine idee. I 'll try to come.

MRS. BAXTER [*aside*]: Oh, I bet Sim will go—what if he gits wild while I 'm gone! I 'm a notion to stay home.

MR. GRIMES: Come on outside an' smoke a few minutes, Sim. I 'll tell ye some things to do to pass time while the wife 's gone. [*Exeunt he and MR. BAXTER.*]

MRS. BAXTER: Now, Julie, you know paw 's apt to fergit, so you be sure to see if he locks the back door nights an' winds the clock, an'—

JULIE: Yes, I will, maw, an' don't you fergit to take them tablets if you feel a spell comin' on.

Enter MRS. SMALL.

MRS. SMALL: W'y, how are you, Mrs. Baxter? Looks like you 're goin' to take a trip. [*They sit.*]

MRS. BAXTER: I 'm goin' to see my sister.

MRS. SMALL: Do tell! That's real nice. I hope yer folks won't git sick while yer gone. Mis' Holcom' went to see her brother a while back an' ev'ry last one o' 'er folks got sick while she was gone. They had to send for 'er to come home, fin'lly, an' they ain't all well yet. They 's a real lot of sickness round now, seems like. I hope you don't git down while yer gone, like Mis' Darrow when she went to visit 'er folks over to Huston. Does seem like so many gits sick when they travel. I 'm expectin' my sister to come on this train. I hope she don't git sick while she's here, but a body can't never tell.

JULIE: Maw, I don't feel very good. I feel kind of sick.

MRS. SMALL: There, ain't that jes' like things us'ally happens? She feels sick jes' when yer goin' off to visit.

JULIE: Mebbe I 'll be all right.

Enter MRS. JAMES.

MRS. SMALL: W'y, here comes Mis' James. How do you do? Goin' for a trip?

MRS. JAMES: Yes, jest over to Carter to do some shopping. How do you do, Mrs. Baxter? It's an awful long time sence I saw you. Goin' off somewheres?

MRS. BAXTER: Over to Bumpville to visit my sister.

JULIE: She's goin' to stay three weeks.

MRS. JAMES: Land sakes, that's a long time. Who's goin' to do the work while yer gone? Kind of hard for Julie, ain't it?

JULIE: Oh, we've got a real good hired girl.

MRS. JAMES: Dear me, I should think you'd worry 'bout leavin' things to a girl so long—they're so dreadful wasteful an' careless. Land sakes, I hope she don't set yer house on fire. An' did you hear 'bout Mis' Heppel? Went to Chicago to stay with 'er mother while she got operated on, an' if 'er husban' didn't fall in love with the hired girl while she was gone. Wasn't that the limit? You don't ketch me goin' off leavin' my husban'—well, I mus' hurry an' git my tickit. [*Goes to window and buys ticket.*]

Enter BUD.

BUD: Now, maw, listen here. You be careful 'bout eatin' where you don't know folks, won't ye? 'cause the men out here was tellin' 'bout some spies that put poison in the grub in a rest'runt an' made folks awful sick. I'll look yer baggage over an' see if it's all here. [*Makes fuss trying to count her parcels, etc.*]

MRS. BAXTER [*aside*]: Oh, dear, dear! I jes' can't go off an' leave things. Julie looks sick an' Sim might—he might—I've saw that hired girl lookin' at him like she sort of—I'd die if he'd fall in love with 'er!

Enter MR. BAXTER.

MR. BAXTER: Wal, maw, it's 'bout train time. We best see if you've got all yer traps, an' begin to say good-bye.

An' don't you worry 'bout us. Katie 's a fine hired girl an' she 'll take good care of us, an'—

MRS. BAXTER [*aside*]: Oh, she will, will she? Wal, I 'll be there to watch 'er do it. [*To MR. BAXTER.*] Paw, I 'm jes' awful sorry, but I 'm took with one of my spells—I kin feel it—at least I feel jes' awful, an' I can't possibly go to-day. You send a telygram to my sister while we git my things carried out to the buggy.

MR. BAXTER: But—w'y—now, maw, I—

MRS. BAXTER [*weakly*]: Hurry, if ye don't want me to be took sick 'fore I can git home to bed. [*She and the children pick up packages and go out while MR. BAXTER goes to window to send telegram.*]

CURTAIN

MEETING OF THE MINSTRELS

CHARACTERS

SAMBO, PETE, GEORGE WASHINGTON JOHNSON, RASTUS,
OLD BLACK JOE.

DINAH, MOLLIE, EM'LINE, TOPSY, LIZY.

COSTUMES: *Each one has face and hands blackened and wears comical negro garb, with big shoes, bright colors, and an attempt at style. DINAH dresses as an old woman with head done up in red bandana; JOE wears long, ill-fitting coat, a tight black cap made of a stocking-leg, and has snow-white hair protruding from the cap (white crepe paper will make the hair), and uses a heavy cane to walk with; TOPSY has hair done up in knobs all over her head, each tied with bright calico, and has a very short dress, with stockings of different colors, dressing as a little girl;*

MOLLIE, LIZY and EM'LINE dress as young ladies, with much style and many colors; PETE is a little boy with ragged clothes; the other three boys dress as young men. Each person carries a handkerchief made of bright calico, some large, others small.

Discovered, PETE.

PETE: Oh, landy, I'se done gotted here the firstus of anybodies to de concert. Ain't dat a joke? [*Kicks up heels, then turns a somersault.*]

TOPSY runs on quickly.

TOPSY: Say, you, I kin do dat jes' as good as you-all kin. Wants to see me? [*Bends over as if getting ready to turn somersault.*]

DINAH, running on quickly.

DINAH [*catching TOPSY and making her stand up*]: Heah, you gal, doan you knows dat hain't nice fer gals to do? [*Shakes finger at her.*] Doan you nebber let me see you a-tryin' ter do de likes ob dat no moah.

Enter SAMBO and EM'LINE.

SAMBO: It suttingly do gib me monstrous 'mount ob gratifyin' pleasure, Miss Em'line, to see youse lookin' so moughty scrumptacious foah dis heah concert we's gwine gib.

EM'LINE: Tank youse kindly, Mistah Sambo. I done bin glad you-all is gratified.

Enter RASTUS and GEORGE WASHINGTON JOHNSON.

GEORGE WASHINGTON JOHNSON: Good ebenin', ladies an' gents. I hopes dat we hain't made de mortyfyin' mistake ob bein' late foah dis heah elegantibus concert.

DINAH: Not de teentiest bit, Mistah George Washington Johnson, so doan you-all do no flabbergasted worryin.'

Enter MOLLIE and LIZY.

LIZY: Wal, heah we is, ready an' willin' fer de concert. I s'pecs it's gwine to be some swell an' splendiferous affair.

RASTUS: It suah be, Miss Lizy, seein' as how you is heah.

PETE: Wal, lis'en heah! Le's begin an' perceed to start.

TOPSY: Dat's wat I says. Le's begin ter start an' perceed to c'mence.

SAMBO: Ladies an' gents, we-all gwine start dis magnificent concert by singin' "De Ol' Wooden Buckit," a song w'ich I made up out my own head.

PETE: An' w'en youse got dat outen yer head I bets dar was wood nuff left ter make a bedstid. Ho — ho — ho!

SAMBO: Say, you scallawaggity little impy, you git outen heah.

PETE: Not much, mistah, I 'se gwine be in dis concertiny.

MOLLIE: Wal, le's start ter begin ter c'mence ter perceed.

RASTUS: Everbody ready now ter sing "De Ol' Wooden Buckit."

EM'LINE: Say, George Washington Johnson, be dat true w'ich I heerd, as how you-all bin arrested over to ——— [name near-by town] fer carryin' concealed weepins?

GEORGE WASHINGTON JOHNSON [*proudly*]: Suah, I were a-carryin' a raiser.

MOLLIE: Landy-sakes, a razor?

GEORGE WASHINGTON JOHNSON: Yep, I were a-carryin' a package of yeast cakes an' de cop pulled me fer carryin' a raiser. [*All laugh.*]

TOPSY: Say, lis'en heah, dat ol' wooden buckit hain't gwine wait all day fer youse folks.

GEORGE WASHINGTON JOHNSON: Ready ter sing, all togeddy now, on "De Ol' Wooden Buckit."

MOLLIE: Oh, say, Dinah, I heerd as how you husban' bin sick.

DINAH: Dat true, Miss Mollie, he dreatful an' extraceedin'ly sick wif de exclamatory rheumatiz.

LIZY: W'y, suah, Dinah, you doan mean exclamatory—dat means ter make a big noise.

DINAH: Yes, Miss Lizy, dat 's de kin' he-all got—he makes so much noise all de neighbors kin hear 'im a-groanin'. It 's *exclamatory* rheumatiz.

LIZY: Dat shooly bin too bad.

TOPSY [*dancing around*]: Ef we hain't gwine sing "De Ol' Wooden Buckit" Ise gwine go git it ter sit on—Ise git-tin' tired standin'.

SAMBO: All ready ter sing.

[*Each pulls out colored handkerchief, wipes face, blows nose, clears throat, etc. Hold handkerchiefs in hands while singing.*]

ALL [*sing*]:

TUNE: *The Old Oaken Bucket.*

De ol' wooden buckit we ust fer to sit on,
 When turned upside-down den it made a good chair,
 Oh, menny 's de time my ol' pappy sat on it,
 It stood by de chimbly but now it hain't dar.
 De ol' wooden buckit, oh, now it 's all busted,
 De reason fer why unto you I will tell—
 Pap threw it at mammy; he threw it an' missed 'er;
 It broke all ter pieces when ker-slam it fell.
 De ol' wooden buckit, de good ol' pine buckit,
 Pap threw it at mam, an' it busted ker-slam.

TOPSY [*with face in handkerchief*]: Oh, boo—hoo—hoo—hoo—hoo!

EM'LINE: Now w'at 's de matter wid you, Topsy?

TOPSY: Oh, I jes' t'inkin' how tur'ble it would bin ef de ol' buckit hed hit mammy. [*Weeps aloud and all others put handkerchiefs over faces and moan.*]

SAMBO: These matermonial troubles is suddin' monstracious sad. Mammy Dinah, do you an' youse husban' agree?

DINAH: Puffictly, Mistah Sambo — Ise willin' to do de work an' he 's willin' I should, so we agrees.

LIZY: Topsy, gal, can't you sing us a song?

TOPSY: Wal, I reckon I mought screech a little. [*Sings.*]

TUNE: *Auld Lang Syne*

I is a little cullerd gal,
An' Topsy is my name;
I nevah had no bringin' up,
But I gits dar jes' de same.

[TOPSY dances around on one foot, and then the other, while the rest of the children sing the chorus, some keeping time with their feet and others clapping their hands.]

CHORUS:

Oh, Topsy, honey gal,
Youse black as fate,
You needs a lickin' eb'ry day
To keep you straight.

Ol' Mose he say dis Topsy gal
She don't got any brains;
Hain't bin to school, but I knows nuff
To go in when it rains.

[*Others sing the chorus as before.*]

PETE: Say, Topsy, you am a peach.

TOPSY: Oh, go long now, you Pete. You hain't nebber done seen no peach with a black skin.

EM'LINE: Le 's sing de nex' song.

RASTUS: Suah, dat 's w'at I suggestions too.

SAMBO: Ev'rybody's ready together, an' all to wunst.

[*All sing.*]

HUMOROUS DIALOGUES

FROM "Old Black Joe."

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
[All wipe eyes and sigh]

Why do I sigh that my friends come not again,
 Grieving for forms now departed long ago,
 I hear their gentle voices calling,
 "Old Black Joe."

DINAH [*calling*]: Joe, oh Joe!

GEORGE WASHINGTON JOHNSON: Joe, you ol' Joe, where you
 keepin' you'self?

PETE [*loudly*]: Oh, Joe. Oh, Joe.

JOE [*off stage*]: Ise comin'; Ise comin' fas' as I kin.

Enter OLD BLACK JOE.

JOE [*walking slowly with aid of cane to center of stage*]: Ise
 comin', Ise comin'; but ol' black Joe kain't move berry
 swif'-like.

[All, standing around JOE, sing the chorus:]

I 'm coming, I 'm coming,
 For my head is bending low;
 I hear those gentle voices calling,
 "Old Black Joe."

MOLLIE: Say, Mars Joe, you mus' be exceeding-much old.
 You mus' be one dem octergenariums, I specs.

JOE: No, Ise jes' plain Methydist, Miss Mollie—dat's good
 nuff fer ol' black Joe.

GEORGE WASHINGTON JOHNSON: Le's hab de nex' song.
[All sing—tune as before.]

Out in de fields dar de watermillions grow,
 Dey are de bes' fruit dat cul'lud folkses know;
 Oh, how dey shines a-rip'nin' in de sun,
 I hear dem 'millions callin' me to come git one.

Ise comin'

[PETE *and* TOPSY *run out.*]

Ise comin'

[SAMBO, RASTUS, LIZY *and* MOLLIE *hurry off.*]

For I hears you callin' low;

[GEORGE WASHINGTON JOHNSON *and* EM'LINE *exeunt.*]

I hears dose watermillions callin',

[JOE *sings alone*]: Ol' Black Joe.

[*Limps out as fast as possible.*]

CURTAIN

MISS BETSY'S BURGLAR

CHARACTERS

MISS BETSY BOTKIN.

CAL CROOK, *a burglar.*

SCENE: MISS BETSY'S *sitting room.*

Have the stage dark while this is given. At back of stage have a desk or small table with books, boxes, etc. At side of stage have another table with more boxes, a jewel case, and a clock. At back have a high-backed rocker with a shawl thrown over the back so the burglar can hide behind it and not be seen. If possible have a flashlight for CAL to carry. If none can be obtained, let him carry a small lantern with heavy black cloth fastened over one side, so that a light is thrown from one side only. CAL wears a slouchy suit, a soft felt hat pulled well on his head, and a small black cloth mask over his eyes. MISS BETSY should be tall and well-padded to

make her large; she wears a white nightcap tied with strings under her chin, and a long, big white nightgown. Get some shoemaker's wax [black] and cover over two or three front teeth to make it look as if they were gone. She carries an old-fashioned candlestick with lighted candle. CAL has a long old pistol or revolver.

Enter CAL, slinking in cautiously with lantern and pistol.

CAL [*looking about*]: I oughta make a haul here to-night. De ol' maid hes jes' sol' some land an' oughta have some dough hid sumwheres 'roun'. [*Listens.*] She 's gone ter bed all right so 's I 'll hev plenty time to look 'roun'. Gee, I wisht I 'd find 'bout five t'ousan' doller 'roun' here—that 'd be sumthin' worth while. [*Begins to hunt, opening boxes, looking through the leaves of books, etc. He hunts on table at side of stage first, laying his pistol down there; then goes to table at the back, leaving weapon on first table.*] Holy smoke, it soun's like somebody's comin'. [*Listens.*] Ther be, sure 's yer born. [*He covers lantern with his coat and jumps behind the high rocker.*]

Enter MISS BETSY, carrying candle.

MISS BETSY: I was jes' ready to slip off ter sleep when I happened to remember I forgot to wind the clock, an' as I hain't gone to bed on Sataday nights without windin' that clock fer twenty year, I jes' decided to git up an' wind it as us'al. [*Goes to table at side.*] I dunno what this ol' clock 'd think at not bein' wound up on Sataday night. [*Sets candle down.*] Gracious! Who's bin mussin' things up on this here table? Looks like somebody's bin snoopin' here. For the love o' Pete—what 's this? [*Holds up pistol.*] Now *who* left this layin' here? Wal, wal, looks like somebody wants ter rob me—a poor ol' maid like me. Good thing I put that four

thousan' dollers in the bank yisterday. Wal, wal, good thing I hain't 'fraid o' no man, dead er livin'. [*Keeps pistol in her hand.*] Now where do you s'pose the man is that belongs to this? [*Begins to look around, under tables, etc.; then looks back of rocker and finds CAL.*] Wal, wal, how do you do? Come up an' le's see what you look like. [*Takes him by the shoulder and helps him to rise.*] Set down there an' be sociabul. [*Pushes him into rocker and points pistol at him.*] I hope you'll excuse my appearance, young man, I wa'n't expectin' company.

CAL [*nervously*]: Don't—don't point that—this way—ma'am—it's loaded. [*Aside.*] W'at a fool I was to lay it down!

MISS BETSY: Yes, I noticed it's loaded, an' I know how to use it—uster shoot sparrows an' sech with one o' these; an' say, I got so smart with one that I 'could stan' on the back steps an' shoot a pertater bug out in the gardin. [*Points it.*] Say, I'll bet I could easy hit you right between the eyes.

CAL [*dodging*]: Fer heavin's sake, ma'am, point it t'other way—it goes off dreatful easy.

MISS BETSY: Yes, I s'pose it does. Say, what you doin' here?

CAL: I—I—wanted—some money.

MISS BETSY: Oh, ye did, huh? Wal, mebbe I kin help ye a bit. [*Goes to a large bag hanging on wall, takes out an old pocketbook, hunts through it, and finds a dime.*] Now, here's a dime that I'll give ye—jes' as soon's not. Yer puffictly welcome to it. [*Gives him dime with left hand, holding pistol with right pointed at CAL. He is n't going to take dime.*] Take it, young feller, an' don't say I wan't willin' ter help ye. [*CAL takes dime.*]

CAL: Thank ye, ma'am. [*Aside.*] Holy mackerel—a whole dime! What a fool I be.

MISS BETSY: Hev ye bin followin' this bizniss very long, young man?

CAL: No, ma'am, I 'm sorta new at it—that 's w'y I fergot an' laid my gun down.

MISS BETSY: Wal, I reckoned you was pritty green to do that. What you goin' ter do now?

CAL: Wal, ma'am, if you 'll give me my gun I 'll get outer here so quick ye won't hardly see me a-goin'.

MISS BETSY: Is that so? Real smart idee, young man. Now I 'll tell ye a better plan. I 'll keep this here plaything jes' ter hev it handy, an' you scoot outer here without it, an' don't ye never come back. Nex' time I 'll tie ye up an' take ye to the sheriff so quick ye 'll hardly feel yerself goin'.

CAL: Yes, ma'am; jes' as you say, ma'am.

MISS BETSY: I 've got an awful good mind ter give ye a spankin' 'fore ye go, but seein' I feel sort o' sorry for ye, I 'll wait till nex' time.

CAL: There hain't goin' ter be no nex' time, ma'am.

MISS BETSY: All right—that suits me. Now scoot. [*Keeps pistol pointed at him. He slinks out, and she follows.*]

CURTAIN

WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR

CHARACTERS

MISS BANKS, *the nurse.*

MRS. BIGGS, *the fat woman.*

HANK, *with a lame foot.*

MRS. WHITE, *who recovers.*

MR. LOWE, *who is deaf.*

MATTIE, *who has a sore hand.*

TOM, *who stutters.*

MRS. WILSON, *who gets 'em easy.*

PETE, *with a hurry call.*

MR. BROWN, *who got mixed.*

MRS. HILL *and her timid daughter, LOVEY.*

SCENE: *A doctor's waiting room, with chairs across back and along each side.*

Discovered, the NURSE, reading magazine.

Enter, MRS. BIGGS.

MRS. BIGGS: I want to see the doctor. I 've jes' bin gittin' fatter an' fatter, an' my clothes has got too little, an' it takes more an' more cloth to make 'em, an' I weigh so much I git tired a-haulin' it 'round; so I jes' told Lem'el I 'se goin' to talk to the doctor an' see if I can't git made thin.

NURSE: The doctor is busy now; you will have to wait awhile. Be seated, please. [*Both sit.*]

MRS. BIGGS: I 'm glad to git a chance to set, fer I 'm all tuckered out gittin' here. I 'm so fat I git tired awful quick. It 's a dreatful bother to be so big. Now you 'd

never dream I only weighed ninety-eight pounds when I got married, would you?

NURSE: No, indeed.

Enter HANK, one foot done up in big white cloth. He walks with crutch or cane.

HANK: Is the doctor here?

NURSE: Yes, but he is busy now; you will have to wait a while. Be seated, please. [HANK sits opposite fat woman.]

MRS. BIGGS: My sakes, is they somethin' the matter with yer foot?

HANK: Yep, a big fat woman stepped on it an' broke half a dozen bones. [Winks at NURSE.]

MRS. BIGGS: Do tell! Was she much fatter 'n me?

HANK: Oh, I dunno 's she was quite so big.

MRS. BIGGS: Fer mercy sakes! I told Lem'el I was gittin' awful fat.

Enter MRS. WHITE, walking as if half dead.

MRS. WHITE [faintly]: How-de-do. Is the doctor in? [Sinks into chair.] I 'm feelin' awful poorly. I 've had an attack of pneumony, an' then I went to a social an' caught influenzy, an' I'm 'most dead. [Leans back in chair.]

NURSE: The doctor is busy now. You 'll have to wait.

MRS. WHITE [to HANK]: Dear me, have you hurt your foot?

HANK: No, marm, I jes' wear it done up so's to save leather. shoes bein' so awful high now. [Winks at MRS. BIGGS.]

MRS. WHITE: Quite an idee. I hope I can see the doctor soon — I 'm all worn out. [Closes eyes.]

MRS. BIGGS: Wal, ma'am, s'pose you was like me.

MRS. WHITE [looking at MRS. BIGGS, then closing eyes again]: My, how big an' strong you look — I 'm dreatful thin.

MRS. BIGGS [indignantly]: Wal, I hain't well an' strong—

if I be fat. W'y, I 'm jes' mis'abul carrying' all this fat round. You hain't the only ailin' one.

Enter MATTIE, with hand done up in cloth.

MATTIE [*smiling on all*]: Hello. I bet you don't know what I want.

NURSE: I think you want to see the doctor.

MATTIE: W'y, how 'd you know? Say, I bet you don't know what 's the matter with my hand.

HANK: I bet the cat scratched it.

MATTIE: Nope—I was sewin' on ma's machine, an', what you s'pose? the needle went right through my finger. Was n't that the limit?

MRS. BIGGS: You should n't be usin' yer ma's machine. You 'll hurt it.

MATTIE: No sech a thing—it was my finger got hurt. I yelled awful, an' ma's bin docterin' it with tapintine. an' now she's sent me over fer the doc to see if it got any — any — them awful things in it.

NURSE: Germs that cause infection?

MATTIE: I guess so. [*To HANK.*] Gee, what 's the matter with yer foot? Is it hurt?

HANK: Nope, but they was a girl asked so many questions my foot got so tired of hearin' 'em I had to wrap it up.

[*NURSE leaves room.*]

MATTIE: Silly, you don't hear with yer feet! [*Sits by MRS. WHITE.*] Are you sick, ma'am?

MRS. WHITE [*eyes closed*]: All worn out—I'm afraid I won't last long.

MATTIE: Then I s'pose they 'll bury you.

MRS. WHITE [*wiping eyes*]: Ye—es.

MATTIE: Oh, an' then pretty soon yer husban' will git a new wife—that 's the way Mr. Shaw did that lives by us, an' she 's awful swell an' he 's had to buy 'er three silk dresses a'ready, an' she made 'im git a naughtymo-

bile, an' ma says she thinks Mis' Shaw—that died—
would raise in 'er grave.

MRS. WHITE [*sitting up straight*]: Humph, if I thought William would do that I'd—

MRS. BIGGS: Oh, most all the men do that way. [*Sighs.*]

MRS. WHITE: W'y, I've never had a silk dress in my life.
If I thought—

MATTIE: Say, you better git well an' make 'im buy one.
You bet I would.

MRS. WHITE: I jes' believe I'll go an' look at silks an' git
some samples fer William to see. I feel better now—
I'll see the doctor some other time. [*Walks out with a
quick, firm step.*]

MRS. BIGGS: Now would n't that kill ye?

Enter NURSE.

NURSE [*to MRS. BIGGS*]: The doctor will see you now. [*She
and MRS. BIGGS exeunt.*]

*Enter MR. LOWE, with long bright cloth wrapped around his
head, over ears and under chin, and hat set on top of the
cloth.*

MR. LOWE: Is the doctor in?

HANK: Yep, he's busy.

MR. LOWE: What say?

HANK: He's busy now—set down an' wait.

MR. LOWE: What's you say 'bout the gate?

MATTIE [*going over to him and speaking in a loud voice*]:
The doc is busy—you'll have to set down an' wait.

MR. LOWE: Oh! I got an abscess in my head an' can't hear
very good. [*Sits.*]

MATTIE: I bet you don't know what ails my hand.

MR. LOWE: Yes, it seems to be quite a nice day; only it
seems a little like rain.

MATTIE: But I bet you don't know how I hurt it.

MR. LOWE: No, I don't live in town—out a ways in the country.

HANK: Keep on, kid, an' mebbe he 'll catch ont' yer hand next week. [*MATTIE crosses and sits.*]

MR. LOWE [*to HANK*]: Looks like somethin' 's the matter with yer foot. 'Did you hurt it?

HANK: Yep, got it smashed.

MR. LOWE: What say?

HANK: Log o' wood fell on it an' broke the bone.

MR. LOWE: An' is it a real bad burn?

MATTIE [*giggles*]: Keep on, kid, mebbe he 'll catch ont' yer foot next week.

Enter MRS. HILL and LOVEY.

MRS. HILL: Is the doctor in?

HANK: He 's busy. You 'll haf to wait. [*MRS. HILL sits.*]

MRS. HILL: Come sit here, Lovey. We 'll see the doctor soon.

LOVEY: I don' wanter see the doctor—he 'll hurt me. [*Sits.*]

MRS. HILL: No, honest he won't, dearie.

LOVEY: He will, too. [*Louder.*] He will too. Boo—hoo—hoo—I wanter go home.

MRS. HILL: Now don't be naughty. See the girl with 'er hand all done up.

LOVEY: I don't wanter see 'er. Boo—hoo—hoo--hoo.

MATTIE: I bet you don't know how I done this. [*Holds out hand to LOVEY.*] It hurt awful.

LOVEY: An' the doctor 'll hurt me, too. I wanter go home. Boo—hoo—hoo.

MRS. HILL: Now, the doctor is a nice man—he isn't going to hurt you a bit. We 'll just let him look at your throat, an'—

LOVEY: He shan't see my throat! Boo—hoo—hoo—hoo.

MRS. HILL: Oh, see the poor boy, with his foot done up,

Lovey! Is n't that too bad! [*To HANK.*] Did you hurt yer foot?

HANK: Nope—jes' wrapped it up fer fun to keep it warm.

Enter NURSE.

NURSE [*to HANK*]: The doctor will see you now. [*Sits.*]

MATTIE: I bet all that ails yer foot is you've got a corn from wearin' tight shoes.

HANK: Nope, I got pneumony in it. [*Exit.*]

MRS. HILL [*to NURSE*]: May I see the doctor soon?

LOVEY: I don' wanter see the horrid ol' doctor—so! Boo—hoo—hoo.

MRS. HILL: Now, don't cry an' I'll git you—

LOVEY: I don't want it—so!

Enter MRS. WILSON.

MRS. WILSON: I s'pose the doctor's busy. Always do have to wait when I come here.

NURSE: Yes, he's busy. Have a seat please. [*MRS. WILSON sits.*]

MRS. WILSON: I want to see the doctor 'cause I feel jes' like I've got heart trouble.

NURSE: Why, when you were here last week I thought you had liver trouble.

MRS. WILSON: But I take things so easy. My cousin's been here visitin' an' she has heart trouble, an' I guess I sort of caught it, for seems like I've had heart trouble all this week. Seems like I get any sickness anybody else has—I git 'em awful easy.

MATTIE: I bet you don't know how I hurt my hand. I was sewin' on ma's machine an' run the needle through my finger. It hurt awful.

MRS. WILSON: Dear me. [*Rubs finger.*] It makes my finger hurt to hear of it. Don't say any more 'bout it or I'll have a sore finger—I take things so easy.

MR. LOWE [*to NURSE*]: Can't I see the doctor soon? My head hurts.

NURSE: In a few minutes, I think; but you must wait your turn.

MR. LOWE: No, I don't think it's worse to-day; but it aches dreadful.

MATTIE [*cheerfully*]: He's deaf — you'll jest have to holler at 'im.

Enter TOM.

TOM: I want to see the d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-doc-ter.

NURSE: He's busy now. You —

TOM: Well, I g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g-got to t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-tell —

NURSE: He's busy now. Be seated, please.

TOM: Yes, but I w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-want to —

MRS. WILSON: Land sakes, if he don't stop talkin' I'll start to s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-saying things that way. I take up troubles like that awful easy. He'll have me st-st-st-st-st-stammering in no time. [*Exit NURSE.*]

MATTIE [*to Tom*]: Say, I bet you don't know what ails my hand.

TOM: Say, I w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-wish you would —

NURSE: Doctor will see the next patient.

MATTIE [*yelling at MR. LOWE*]: You go next — I'll wait.
[*Exit LOWE.*]

MRS. HILL: It'll soon be your turn, Lovey, and you will have to —

LOVEY: I won't go. I'm 'fraid of doctors. He'll hurt me, boo—hoo—hoo.

MRS. WILSON: Oh, dear, I wish she wouldn't do that. She'll make me nervous myself 'bout seein' him. W'y, I hate to face 'im after hearin' 'er. I'm 'f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-fraid. An' my finger feels funny yet. [*Scowls at MATTIE.*]

MATTIE: An' I bet if you'd got here sooner you'd got fat like the fat woman was. [*Giggles.*]

Enter PETE.

PETE: Say, I want to see the doc. We want 'im to come to our house quick.

NURSE: This is office hour—he can't come till later.

PETE: But say, we can't wait. Paw's got to laughin' an' can't stop, an doc's got to stop 'im.

NURSE: What made your father laugh?

PETE: Maw got 'er tongue caught in the clothes wringer an' paw laughed so 's he can't stop.

MRS. WILSON: Oh, that makes me feel jes' like laughin.'
[Laughs.]

NURSE: You better get another doctor.

PETE: All right. [Runs out.]

Enter MR. BROWN.

BROWN: I'd like to see the doctor quick.

NURSE: He's busy now and—

BROWN: But poor old Jerry is awful sick. We've tied one foot down, an' tied his nose up, an' give 'im hot bran to eat, but—

MRS. WILSON: What an awful way to treat a man. You should be ashamed.

BROWN: Man—who said anything 'bout a man? Ain't this Winton, the horse doctor?

NURSE: No; this is *Dr. WILTON*.

BROWN: Oh, my mistake! [Hurries out.]

TOM: I wish you'd l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-let me t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-tell the—

NURSE: It's against the rules.

MRS. WILSON: I know I'll st-st-st-st-stutter now—I take things so easy.

LOVEY: Ma, I want to go home. I don't want to see the doctor. I'm 'fraid. I'm scairt—boo—hoo—hoo—hoo.

MATTIE: I think it 's fun. I bet he 'll find German\$ in my finger.

NURSE: You mean germs.

MATTIE: Yes, I guess so.

TOM: Say, there 's a cr-cr-cr-cr-cr-cr-cr-crazy man out here an' the doctor 's g-g-g-g-g-g-got to —

NURSE: Crazy man? Why didn't you say so? [*Hurries to doctor's room.*]

MATTIE: Crazy man? Gee, I want to see 'im. [*Runs out.*]

LOVEY: Ma, I 'fraid of 'im. Boo — hoo — hoo.

MRS. WILSON: Oh, I 'm afraid I 'll go crazy — I take things so easy.

[*All hurry out, MRS. HILL last, pulling LOVEY, who cries.*]

CURTAIN

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

CHARACTERS

AUNT MELVINY, *an old maid.*

ALMA, *her niece.*

MR. TUGGER, *a bachelor.*

TOM WALKER, *a young man.*

SCENE: MISS MELVINY'S *living-room.*

Discovered, ALMA.

ALMA: Oh, dear, I wish Aunt Melviny wasn't such an old maid. She has always seemed to think men are dreadful creatures; but they 're not, I 'm sure, because Tom is

just lovely. He is a nice young man and will make a good hus—that is, he is good and steady and I'm not going to give him up just because Aunt Melviny doesn't like men. If she knew I was going with him I s'pose she'd make an awful fuss, so I have to be careful not to let her know. I've got to slip out some way to-night to go to the picture show with him. [*Sits.*]

Enter MISS MELVINY.

MISS MELVINY: It seems to me, Alma, at the social the other night that young Tom Walker seemed to be dreadful attentive to you.

ALMA [*aside*]: Oh, I mustn't let her find out he likes me, or she'll spoil everything. [*To MISS MELVINY.*] Oh, I guess not! Lou Wilson likes him, and what do I care about a tiresome fellow! Why shouldn't I be happy and single like you?

MISS MELVINY: Yes, sure—very proper, indeed. But I—

ALMA: Oh, don't you worry a bit, Aunt Melviny. You needn't be afraid I'll take up with any good-for-nothing man. [*Aside.*] Tom isn't that kind; he's fine. Oh, I'm afraid she suspects! [*To MISS MELVINY.*] By the way, Aunt Melviny, you don't care if I go to the library this evening, do you? There is a continued story in one of the magazines—

MISS MELVINY: Oh, go, of course. It will do you good to get out.

ALMA: Oh, thank you—and don't worry if I'm a little late—the story is real long.

MISS MELVINY: Don't hurry—I won't mind.

ALMA: What a nice aunt you are! [*Exit.*]

MISS MELVINY: Oh, dear, how glad I am she's going out to-night. Mr. Tugger is coming over, and I didn't know how I'd get rid of her. [*Sighs.*] He's such a splendid man, but Alma speaks so slightingly of men I don't dare

tell her that he wants me to—that we are—going to—at least he has asked me to—marry him. I thought maybe she fancied Tom Walker, and that would give me courage to tell her about dear Mr. Tugger; but she seems to think men are horrible—the foolish girl. [*Wipes eyes.*] What will she say when she finds out? I hope she gets away before he comes. [*Exit.*]

Enter ALMA.

ALMA: I think it is about time for me to start. Tom is to wait for me at the corner. What *would* Aunt Melviny say if she knew? [*Sighs.*] Guess I'll put on my wraps. [*Starts to leave, then stops and listens.*] Why, who is that opening the front door so softly? Oh, we are going to be robbed—I know we are. Several houses have been robbed lately—some of them in broad daylight. I'll hide and scare him.

[*Runs softly to table at side of room and snatches up a glass bottle with a cork in—bottle should be thin glass—and then pulls a rocking chair to side of room and crouches down back of it.*]

Enter MR. TUGGER.

MR. TUGGER: Ah, no one here. How fortunate. I'll have time to get that ring before Miss Melviny comes in; but I must hurry. I don't want her to catch me.

[*Goes softly to table and opens a small jewel box sitting there. Holds up a ring and looks at it. ALMA peeks up over back of chair at other side of room, and, taking aim, throws the bottle so it strikes the wall near him and breaks with a loud crash.*]

MR. TUGGER [*falling to floor, waving arms, and kicking with feet*]: Oh, oh, help, I'm shot, I'm killed—help, fire, robbers, murderers! [*Groans loudly.*] I'm shot.

Enter MISS MELVINY.

MISS MELVINY: What has happened? Oh, thieves, robbers!
[Screams.]

ALMA: Run get a rope, quick, Aunt Melviny, and we'll tie him before he gets up.

MR. TUGGER [*jumping up*]: No, you won't. Who shot me?

MISS MELVINY [*screams*]: Oh, Jason—Mr. Tugger—what does this mean? [*Runs to him.*] Are you hurt?

MR. TUGGER [*feeling of himself*]: I'm shot, I tell you.

ALMA: No, he is n't, Aunt Melviny, but he was going to steal your ring and I scared him. He is a robber.

MR. TUGGER: I'm not, young lady.

MISS MELVINY: I should say he *is* n't. How dare you say so? Oh, dear Jason, are you hurt?

Enter TOM WALKER.

TOM: Excuse me, I was passing by and I heard screams as if for help and I wondered if I—if you needed me. [*To ALMA.*] Is anything the matter?

MR. TUGGER: Matter enough. This young woman tried to kill me—to scare me to death. I was just going to try on Miss Melviny's ring to see what size I needed to get her, when—

ALMA: To get for Aunt Melviny?

MR. TUGGER: Sure! I'm up-to-date. Don't you s'pose I'm going to give her an engagement ring? [*Proudly.*] We're going to be married. [*Takes MISS MELVINY's hand.*] I'm Mr. Tugger. [*Bows to ALMA.*]

TOM: Hurrah for you, Mr. Hugger. We're going to be married, too. [*Takes ALMA's hand.*]

MR. TUGGER: My name is n't Mr. Hugger, but I can. [*Puts his arm around MISS MELVINY.*]

MISS MELVINY: Oh, please don't be angry. Alma. Mr. Tugger is *very* nice.

ALMA: Angry? I'm perfectly *delighted!* You won't mind about Tom, will you?

MR. TUGGER [*happily*]: We'll have a double wedding.

CURTAIN

MRS. PAXTON'S PARTY

CHARACTERS

MRS. TUBBS <i>and</i> WILLIE	MR. <i>and</i> MRS. DOAN
MRS. GREEN <i>and</i> IVY	GRANDPA WHITTLE
SIM SWEET <i>and</i> his bride	GRANDMA BROWN
MISS PICKLE, <i>an old maid</i>	NORA, <i>maid of ceremonies</i>
MRS. PAXTON	MR. EASY, <i>a farmer</i>

COSTUMES

All characters dress in quaint, comical attire. WILLIE should be a large fat boy who wears short trousers, a short waist, a large sailor collar, and big bow. IVY should be a tall girl with short dress, little old-fashioned apron, hair down back with large bow, and a little hat a number of years too young for her. SIM acts very bashful, and his bride is arrayed in bright colors and a lot of white, with short white cotton gloves. MISS PICKLE has regular old maid costume. MRS. PAXTON wears hair down over ears and twisted in knot at back of head, an old-fashioned dress with some style, and a bright ribbon around her neck. MRS. DOAN is a small girl dressed as a woman, while MR. DOAN is a tall boy well-padded to give him size—the contrast between them (he large and she small) being very marked. GRANDPA has white hair, white beard, and walks with cane; GRANDMA wears black dress with white collar and cuffs; has hair powdered, and wears glasses

and a black lace cap; NORA dresses with all style possible; gay dress, ribbons, lace and jewelry. MR. EASY has chin whiskers, linen duster, boots, and slouch hat. Part of the guests bring gifts to the party.

A large easy chair for MRS. PAXTON is at center of stage; chairs for the others are along back and sides. Table for gifts is near the front.

Discovered, MRS. PAXTON.

MRS. PAXTON: I've got to leave this nice ol' house—the house where I've lived all my life. Paw he allus 'llowed he's goin' to leave it ter me; but sence he died we can't find no trace, not a hide ner hair of the will, an' so I've got ter move an' the place's goin' ter be sold. Hain't that too bad? [*Wipes eyes.*] Ef I could jes' find that will I know the place'd be mine. Wal, no use feelin' bad; so I'm givin' a farewell party to-day to a few o' my neighbors an' frien's. Nora Jones, she's goin' ter act as maid o' cerymonies an' show folks in like they do in novels an' it's goin' to be real fine.

Enter NORA.

NORA: Wal, I come early so's to see if ev'rything's all ship shape an' proper. [*Looks around.*] We oughter have a bouquet on this table to sorter give style. [*Looks out.*] Now hain't that nice? Here comes Miss Pickle, an' she's got some posies. Now you set down an' let me do things up jes' right.

[*MRS. PAXTON sits in easy chair; NORA goes to door.*]

Enter MISS PICKLE.

NORA [*bowing*]: Allow me ter interdooce Miss Pickle, from two houses down the street. [*MRS. PAXTON rises and bows low; MISS PICKLE goes forward and shakes hands.*]

MISS PICKLE: How *do* you do, Mis' Paxton? I think this is just perfectly sweet and lovely in you to give a party an' I 've brought you a nice present of these sweet and lovely flowers. [*Gives them.*]

MRS. PAXTON: Now hain't them beauties? Nory, you git that vase out the t'other room, the one Mis' Shaw gimme 'fore she died that time she was so sick, an' put these in it here on the table.

[*NORA puts flowers on table. MISS PICKLE sits.*]

MISS PICKLE: An' how be you bearin' up under yer trouble, Mis' Paxton? It mus' be jus' simply terrible an' dreadful to have to move.

MRS. PAXTON: Nobody knows how turrible 'tis, bein' 's I 've lived here, girl an' woman, all my life. [*Wipes eyes.*] But I hain't the one ter complain ef it has ter be.

MISS PICKLE: How perfectly sweet an' lovely of you. [*Knock.*]

Enter MRS. GREEN and IVY.

NORA [*bowing*]: Allow me ter interdooce Mrs. Green, from across the street, an' her little girl, Ivy. [*Aside.*] I don't see what she brought that naughty little imp for.

MRS. GREEN [*going forward to shake hands*]: I hope yer well, Mis' Paxton. Nice day, ain't it? Ivy, come shake hands with Mis' Paxton.

IVY: Say, lis'en here, maw, what do I have to shake hands for?

MRS. GREEN: W'y, to be perlite. [*Aside.*] Now you be good or I won't buy you that candy. [*IVY shakes hands. They sit.*]

Enter MRS. TUBBS and WILLIE.

NORA: Allow me ter interdooce Mrs. Tubbs, who lives on the corner, an' her little boy, Willie. [*Aside.*] Lan' sakes, I don't see what she brought that awful boy for.

MRS. TUBBS [*going forward and shaking hands*]: How-de-do,

Mis' Paxton, I hope I see ye well. Willie, dear, come shake hands with Mis' Paxton.

WILLIE: Aw, I don't like ter shake hands. [*Makes face at IVY.*]

MRS. TUBBS: Now, Willie dear, you promised you 'd be good. Come shake hands with Mis' Paxton; she 's goin' to move soon.

WILLIE: I don't care if she is. Maw, I want a cookie.

MRS. TUBBS: Now Willie, you must be good. [*Goes over and whispers so all hear.*] I 'll spank you when we get home if you don't behave.

WILLIE: But you said we 'd have cookies over here. [*MRS. TUBBS makes him sit beside her.*]

MISS PICKLE [*aside*]: My, ain't he awful naughty? If he was my boy I 'd punish him just terribly and dreadfully.

IVY [*aside*]: I 'm lots better 'n he is. [*Makes face at WILLIE.*]

Enter MR. and MRS. DOAN.

NORA [*bowing*]: Allow me ter interdooce Mr. an' Mis' Doan, from one house down across the street.

MRS. DOAN [*as they shake hands*]: We 're so sorry you 're goin' to move—ain't we, Henry? I said yer one o' the best neighbors we 've ever had—didn't I, Henry? An' we 're *very* glad to come to your party, ain't we, Henry? An' we brought you a little present—give it to 'er, Henry. You must use it an' think of us—mus'n't she, Henry? [*He gives package, which MRS. PAXTON opens, revealing small cup and saucer.*]

MRS. PAXTON: Now hain't that pritty? I never s'posed you 'd gimme a presint. I 'll think of ye after I 'm moved. [*Wipes eyes.*]

MISS PICKLE [*aside*]: Humph, I don't believe that cost much. [*NORA puts it on table.*]

MR. DOAN [*as they sit*]: It 's a blame shame you can't find

that will, Mis' Paxton. Mebbe if we 'd help ye hunt we 'd find it.

WILLIE: Maw, let me go hunt fer it in the pantry.

Enter MR. and MRS. SWEET.

NORA: Allow me ter interdooce Mr. an' Mis' Sweet, that 's jes' got married an' 's movin' in nex' door. [*Bows and takes them to MRS. PAXTON, where they shake hands.*]

MISS PICKLE [*sighing*]: Don't she look romantic an' perfectly dear?

MRS. SWEET: We 're just awful busy, gittin' unpacked an' settled an' all, but I says to Sim, says I, we ain't goin' to miss this, when Mis' Paxton 's got to move, an' it 's so sad you can't find the will.

MR. SWEET: An' Mollie here, she 's brought some cookies fer a present—some she 's made all 'erself an' only married two weeks—what you think of that? [*Gives plate of cookies to MRS. PAXTON.*]

MRS. PAXTON: Now, do tell, don't them look nice—as good 's if I 'd made 'em myself.

NORA [*aside*]: That ain't sayin' they taste good. [*Puts plate on table.*]

MISS PICKLE [*aside*]: Now ain't he proud of 'er—how perfectly lovely.

IVY: Maw, what 's she [*pointing*] so fixed up for?

MRS. GREEN [*aside*]: Sh-h-h-h-h-h, 'cause she 's got married.

IVY: Will I git married some day?

MRS. GREEN: Sh-h-h-h-h-h, maybe so, if you 're good.

IVY: Well, I hain't goin' to have no homely man like him. [*Points.*]

Enter GRANDPA WHITTLE.

NORA: Allow me ter interdooce Gran'paw Whittle from nex' house to the corner. [*Bows, takes his arm, and escorts him to MRS. PAXTON.*]

GRANDPA [*bowing and shaking hands*]: I 'm real glad ter see ye. Hope yer feelin' well. I 'm feelin' tolerb'l spry myself, an' thought I 'd come over an' bring ye a leetle remembrance. Awful sorry 'bout that will—awful sorry. [*Gives box of candy.*]

MRS. PAXTON: Now ain't this nice—I do sure dote on candy, an' it 's dreatful kind in ye to gimme this. Yes, terrible shame 'bout the will, hain't it? [*Wipes eyes.*]

IVY: Oh, maw, will she pass it 'round?

WILLIE: Maw, I want some cookies an' a piece of candy.

MISS PICKLE: My, what perfectly awful, terrible children.

MRS. PAXTON: We 'll all have some candy bimeby. [*NORA puts it on table.*]

IVY: I ain't goin' to wait all day.

WILLIE: Maw, can I go home an' git somethin' to eat?

MRS. TUBBS: No, you sit still an' be good.

Enter GRANDMA BROWN.

NORA: Allow me ter interdooce Gran'maw Brown, the minister's mother.

GRANDMA [*shaking hands*]: Good afternoon, Mis' Paxton. I 'm dreatful sorry yer goin' ter move, an' I 've brought you a little present. [*Gives little package, which MRS. PAXTON opens, disclosing handkerchief.*] It's one my niece Loretty, she as married Lem Vandusen over to Crowville, give me five year ago, an' I ain't never carried it but onct, an' that was to Sister Eaton's fun'ral, an' I thought mebbe I wouldn't live very long an' I could jes' as well give it to you. Ain't it dreatful you can't find that will?

MRS. PAXTON: Oh, hain't this nice? I 'm awful much obleeged an' I 'll keep it to remember ye by. Yes, hain't it terrible I can't find stitch er feather o' that will?

IVY: Maw, can wills fly?

MRS. GREEN: No, 'course not.

IVY: Then what do they have feathers for? Say, why do they?

GRANDMA [*sitting by WILLIE*]: Well, little boy, how be you to-day?

WILLIE: I 'm hungry—want some cookies.

IVY: I like candy best. [*She and WILLIE make faces.*]

Enter MR. EASY.

NORA: Allow me ter interdooce Mr. Easy, from Easy farm.

MR. EASY [*shaking hands*]: Wal, wal, how be ye, Melviny? Heerd ye was gittin' turned out yer house an' thought I 'd come in an' tell ye it's a blame shame, b'gosh. I'm a plagued-taked good mind ter hunt fer that will myself. An' say, I brung ye a few eggs—nice, fresh uns. [*Gives paper bag.*]

MRS. PAXTON: Now, hain't that kind in ye, Jason? I'm dreatful fond of eggs. [*NORA puts bag on table.*]

MR. EASY: So long sence I 've seed folks, guess I 'll hev ter shake hands. How be ye, Gran'maw [*shakes hand*], an' how 's yer health? How are ye, Mis' Tubbs? Hope yer well as ye look. An' here 's Willie—I bet you need a lickin'. How be ye, Doan, an' ye too, Mis' Doan? I hope ye keep 'im behavin'. An' here 's Sim—say, bin gittin' married, ain't ye? That 's right. This is a mighty nice woman ye got—too good fer ye, b'gosh. I ain't got no time fer folks that don't git married. How are ye, Miss Pickle—ye oughter be gittin' married—blame ef I wouldn't marry ye myself ef I didn't hev one wife to hum. How be ye, Mis' Green—lan' sake, is this yer little gal—growin' up, hain't she? An' how be you, Gran'-paw? Spry as a chicken, I 'll bet. [*Sits.*] Wal, this is a real nice little party.

MR. DOAN: Yes, an' I think we oughter express a vote o' sorrow to Mis' Paxton 'cause she's goin' to move away from her old home.

MRS. DOAN: Yes, that 's what I said we should do, didn't I, Henry?

GRANDPA: I think it 's exceedin' regretterb'l that she 's got to move, 'cause she 's bin a first-class neighbor—first-class.

GRANDMA: Yes, she 's bin a neighbor good an' true, an' done jes' what she oughter do.

MISS PICKLE: Yes, she ain't never quarreled with me in all the years she 's lived by me.

MRS. GREEN: She 's got a kind heart if anybody has.

MRS. TUBBS: An' she 's willin' to lend anything she 's got in 'er house.

MR. EASY: An' she 's bin an awful good han' ef folks was sick.

MR. SWEET: Everybody 'll miss 'er somethin' awful.

MRS. SWEET: But you 'll still have *me*, Simmy.

MR. DOAN: An' I tell ye, this street 's goin' to miss 'er more 'n we think.

MRS. DOAN: Yes, I said we would, didn't I, Henry?

MRS. PAXTON [*hunting at belt for handkerchief*]: Oh, I 'm jes' all upshot to have ye talk so nice. I don't deserve it—not a mite. [*Hunts at belt.*] Where'd I put that han'kerchuf? [*Pulls paper from belt.*] W'y, what 's this paper, an' how 'd it git stuck in my belt? [*Thinks.*] W'y, fer goodniss an' mercy—this is a paper paw gimme the day 'fore he died—I remimber I hed this dress on, an' I fergot all 'bout the note, paw bein' so sick, an' here it 's bin stuck in this belt all these months. Read it, Nory, an' see what it says.

NORA [*reading*]: "Melviny, you 'll find my will in the inside pocket of the coat in the bottom bureau drawer of my room.—Father."

MR. EASY: Thar, I 'll bet you 've found it, b' gosh!

MR. DOAN: Say, ain't that fine if it 's found?

MRS. DOAN: I said maybe we 'd find it, didn't I, Henry?

MRS. PAXTON: An' to think that coat 's bin packed in that

drawer with moth balls ever sence paw died. Run see if the will 's there, Nory. [*Exit NORA.*]

MISS PICKLE: Now isn't that romantic—jes' like a novel.

WILLIE: An' now let 's have the cookies.

IVY: An' ain't it time to pass the candy?

GRANDMA: It sure is—have a pep'mint. [*Hands bag to IVY.*]

IVY: Huh, I don't like them—I want the box kind.

SIM: An' now if you 're goin' to stay here it 'll be awful handy fer Mollie here to run in if she gets stuck cookin' somethin'.

MRS. SWEET: I shan't get stuck—hain't I got six cook books?

Enter NORA.

NORA [*waving paper*]: Here 'tis—here 'tis, sure 's yer born.

MR. EASY: Hooray—ain't thet tons o' luck? [*All gather around MRS. PAXTON and look at paper.*] Yep, it 's what we want, an' the house is yourn.

GRANDPA: Yes, it says so, plain as day, an' she won't have to move.

WILLIE: So we 'll have to celebrate. [*Begins to pass plate of cookies, eating as he does so. IVY takes box from table and passes candy, eating meantime. NORA brings in plate of cookies from off stage and passes.*]

MRS. GREEN: This is surely a grand party.

MRS. PAXTON: Hain't I the luckiest person in the world?

ALL: You sure be!

CURTAIN

BROTHER JEDEDIAH

CHARACTERS

CHARLES LEE, <i>rich city man.</i>	DAVID NOLAN, <i>Lucile's lover.</i>
HORTENSE LEE, <i>his wife.</i>	MARIE, <i>the maid.</i>
LUCILE } <i>their daughters.</i>	BROTHER JEDEDIAH, <i>a farmer.</i>
NOREEN }	MARIAR, <i>his wife.</i>

COSTUMES

MR. LEE and DAVID dress well with white collars and light vests. MRS. LEE and the girls wear stylish gowns with jewelry. JEDEDIAH wears old suit, long linen coat, old slouch felt hat, and boots, carries big red handkerchief, and has chin-whiskers. MARIAR has old, ill-fitting black dress and odd, old-fashioned bonnet with little veil across the top, tied in the back, and bonnet strings tied under the chin.

SCENE I: Well furnished room in Lee home.

Discovered, Mr. and Mrs. LEE and the young ladies.

MR. LEE [*anxiously*]: By the way, I received a letter to-day from my Brother Jedediah saying he and his wife are coming to make us a visit.

MRS. LEE: Dear me, I hope they won't be a bother—country folks, are n't they?

MR. LEE: Ye-es, I'm afraid you will find them quite countrified.

NOREEN: Well, papa, I hope you won't expect us to introduce them to our city friends. How terrible!

MR. LEE: I at least hope you will treat them well and make them have a good time. Jed is my brother, remember.

MRS. LEE: Oh, I just know they will shock our friends to death.

MR. LEE: I don't think it would matter if some of your friends were shocked to death—that silly Reggie Van Alstyne, for instance.

NOREEN: Papa! He is such a gentleman and so entertaining.

MR. LEE: Fiddlesticks!

LUCILE: I suppose they'll eat with their knives and say "I seen," and dress as if they came out of the ark. [*Giggles.*]
Won't it be fun?

NOREEN: Not so funny when you have to introduce them to David.

LUCILE: Oh, David is game!

MRS. LEE: Tell us, what are these people like?

MR. LEE [*nervously*]: Well—I—that is—you know I have not seen Jedediah for a number of years, but I imagine he is—well, what you call rough and—ill-mannered, but he is very good hearted, very. I hope you will be nice to him and Maria for my sake.

LUCILE [*gaily*]: Jededier an' Mariar—oh, won't they be fun!
[*Laughs.*]

MRS. LEE: I don't see how you can joke—it gives me the horrors to think of having them here. [*Sighs.*]

LUCILE: Cheer up! "Tell me not in mournful numbers."
Maybe they won't be so worse. Don't let them get your goat, mamma.

MRS. LEE: My dear, your slang is dreadful.

Enter MARIE.

MARIE: Mr. Nolan is in the reception room, Miss Lucile; and Briggs says the car is ready, madam, for those who are going to the opera.

MRS. LEE: Then bring our wraps, Marie. [*ALL exeunt.*]

CURTAIN.

SCENE II. *Room as before.**Discovered, MR. and MRS. LEE.*

MRS. LEE: When are we going to have our yacht, Charles? I am getting anxious to have a sea voyage.

MR. LEE: Well—I—the—that is, Hortense, I wonder if we can't get along without the yacht for this year. My expenses are so heavy—

MRS. LEE: Dear me, Charles, always the same old story of expenses. I get sick and tired of them.

MR. LEE: So do I—there are almost too many for me. I'm afraid they will drive me to the wall.

Enter NOREEN, LUCILE, and DAVID.

NOREEN: Papa, Lucile has the craziest notion.

LUCILE: Oh, papa, I want you to buy me an airship and let me learn to fly. Bess Clendenning has one.

MRS. LEE: Horrors, Lucile, you frighten me cold just speaking of it.

MR. LEE [*aside*]: More expense.

LUCILE [*laughing*]: I'm like an airship anyway—not good for anything on earth.

DAVID: It surely is great sport, Mr. Lee.

Enter MARIE.

MARIE: There is a man in the hall, sir, with a woman, and he wants to see you.

MR. LEE: [*aside*]: Jedediah—great heavens! I will come out, Marie, and speak to them. [*Exit MARIE.*]

Enter JEDEDIAH and MARIAR, carrying bundles.

JEDEDIAH: Say, how are ye, Charlie, old boy? B'gosh, I hain't seen ye fer more 'n ten year. [*Grabs MR. LEE's hand.*] I told Mariar we 'd cum right in an' be sociabul

an' not set out in thet hall. Say, Charlie, ye hain't lookin' so fat as ye uster—hain't they feedin' ye well? Wal, I 'll bet this is Hor-tensy! [*Grabs her hand and shakes it.*] Glad to see ye, ma'am. Ye 'd be real swell lookin' ef ye didn't hev sech a washed-out look—I hope that hain't face paint. I don't 'low Mariar to use no sech stuff on 'er face. An' say, b'gosh, I 'll bet these is them gals o' yourn, Charlie. Now, now, hain't they nice gals, Mariar? [*Shakes hands with girls.*] An' now who's this young feller? Don't seem like I kin place him.

MR. LEE: He is Mr. Nolan, one of Lucile's friends.

JEDEDIAH [*grabbing NOLAN'S hand*]: Glad to see ye, young feller. Say, b'gosh, I'll bet yer comin' here courtin' one o' these gals.

MRS. LEE [*aside*]: Oh, oh, how terrible! I shall faint with shame.

JEDEDIAH: Mariar, step up and shake hands with folks—don't be skeered. [*MARIAR goes around shaking hands stiffly.*] I tell ye, Charlie, I most hed a notion to bring ye a yearlin' calf fer a presint—got a full-blood thet's wurth a thousan' dollers this minit. Seys I to Mariar, if the pesky critter wan't so much bother to carry 'long I 'd give 'er to Charlie, b'gosh. But say, ma'am [*to Mrs. LEE*] I 've brung ye some nice fresh eggs—none yer cold-storage stuff. Whar's them eggs, Mariar?

MARIAR [*pointing*]: I laid 'em on that cheer.

MRS. LEE: If you will excuse me, I 'll go look after some luncheon for you. [*Aside*] How shall we ever endure this disgrace? [*Exit.*]

NOREEN: I think I must be excused too. [*Aside*] What can papa be thinking of to have such a brother? [*Exit NOREEN; others sit.*]

JEDEDIAH: Say, Charlie, how's crops round here? Purty good?

MR. LEE: Why, I—I think so; I really can't say, Jedediah.

DAVID: They 're good—fine for this time of year. I noticed some fine fields when I was up yesterday.

JEDEDIAH: Say, young feller, what 's yer job? Hain't lookin' fer work, be ye? I 'm tryin' to git a good hired man an' by heck I 'll pay ye most any price ef yer any good.

LUCILE [*to* DAVID]: Oh, isn't he funny? [*To* JEDEDIAH] No, uncle, Mr. Nolan isn't a farmer—he 's a bird man.

JEDEDIAH: Sho—ye don't say. We hed one them bird fellers from the city stay to our house fer two weeks—allus studyin' birds an' he did n't 'mount to nuthin'—could n't pitch hay with Mariar.

LUCILE: Oh, I don't mean that—he is an aviator—flies in an airship. He can do anything a bird can do.

JEDEDIAH: Then, b' gosh, I want to see 'im sleep on the lim' o' a tree hangin' on by 'is feet.

MR. NOLAN [*laughing*]: I 'm afraid I can't do that yet.

JEDEDIAH: Here now, ef I hain't fergittin' ter give ye that gum I bought fer ye on the train. [*Hands* LUCILE *package of gum.*] I reckon ye 'll like it, fer I told the feller sellin' stuff to gimme the best 'e hed.

LUCILE: Thank you, uncle. Papa usually scolds me if I chew gum, but I shall chew this because you gave it to me.

MR. LEE: I 'm sure you must be tired and dusty from traveling so far. You must go to your room so you can get a bath and freshen up.

JEDEDIAH: Git a bath? W'at ye talkin' 'bout? This hain't Sataday night, an' b' gosh I hain't goin' ter trouble the ol' washtub more 'n onct a week. I got off the keers an' washed my face at a pump I saw standin' near the daypoo down the line an' that 'll do me. I s'pose Mariar 'd like ter wash 'er han's, would n't ye, Mariar?

MARIAR: Jes' as ye say, Jedediah.

DAVID: I 'll have to give you a ride in my airship while you are here, Mr. Lee.

JEDEDIAH [*getting up and shaking hands with* MR. NOLAN]:

Thank ye kindly, young feller, an' I don't wanter hurt yer feelin's, but ef it's all the same to ye, I'll stay on terry firmy. Mariar sort o' needs me to look arter 'er a few years yit. [*Sits down on chair with eggs.*]

MARIAR: Lan' sakes, Jeddy, ef ye hain't plum' gone an' set on them eggs!

JEDEDIAH [*jumping up*]: Suff'rin' cats! now see w'at I bin an' gone an' done! [*Picks up basket and wraps it in a corner of his linen coat and runs off, followed by the others.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE III. *Room as before.*

Discovered, MRS. LEE.

MRS. LEE: Oh, those terrible people from the country! I wonder how long they are going to stay. I shall tell Charles he must send them home before they drive me insane.

Enter MR. LEE.

MR. LEE: I am glad you are here, for I must tell you something—I—the—that is—

MRS. LEE: Why, Charles, what is the matter?

MR. LEE: Matter? Just what I've been fearing—I—have—failed! We are penniless—penniless, I tell you. [*Sinks into chair and covers face with hands.*]

MRS. LEE: Oh, don't say so! There *must* be some way for us—

MR. LEE: No—I tell you we are ruined.

MRS. LEE: This is terrible—terrible! Come where we can talk it over. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter JEDEDIAH, barefooted, hair ruffled, and wearing one of MARIAR'S kimonos.

JEDEDIAH: Say, this is the durndest house fer feedin' folks thet I ever stayed to. Mariar an' me is most starved, an' I s'pose we 'd plum' starve ter death ef we didn't go down town an' git a fill-up onct in a while. They hev a leetle breakfas' long tor'ds noon, an' a bite er two thet they call lunchin, an' dinner 'bout the time Christun folks should be goin' ter bed. I 'm goin' down now an' see ef I can't swipe sumthin' from the pantry fer us ter eat. Gosh, there 's sumbody comin'. [*Jumps across room and hides behind a large chair.*]

Enter DAVID and LUCILE.

LUCILE: Oh, David, isn't it dreadful? We are ruined—haven't a penny left, papa says. I suppose I 'll have to go to work, and there isn't a thing I know how to do.

JEDEDIAH [*aside, sticking head up over top of chair*]: What 's that? Ol' Charlie in trouble? W'y didn't 'e tell me 'bout it? [*Ducks down.*]

DAVID: Surely there must be some way to arrange credit. Perhaps I can—

LUCILE: Oh, no, papa says there is no way. It will take fifty thousand dollars, and his credit is so poor no one will stand for so much.

JEDEDIAH [*aside, popping up head*]: Then let 'em set down to it. [*Ducks.*]

LUCILE [*wiping eyes*]: Maybe Uncle Jedediah will let me go home with him and work on the farm—he seems very kind.

JEDEDIAH [*aside, popping up head*]: You bet yer life I will—I 'll larn ye to milk cows. [*Ducks back of chair.*]

DAVID: But Lucile, we can be married; I shall be glad to take care of you.

LUCILE: No, no—I won't get married just to be supported.

JEDEDIAH [*aside, popping up head*]: Thet 's the stuff—
b' gosh, she's got some spunk.

DAVID: I 'll leave you now. I 'm going to see if in some way
I can't help your father.

JEDEDIAH [*jumps from hiding, runs up and catches DAVID by arm*]: Not much, young feller, they 's sumbody else 'll
help in this bizniss.

LUCILE [*looking at him*]: Why, uncle—you—

JEDEDIAH: Oh, b' gosh, say, I hope ye won't look at my ap-
pearince—I wan't thinkin' ter meet nobody. But I want
ter tell ye that if Charlie needs fifty thousan' dollers he 'll
git it soon 's I kin telyphone ter my bank. I gess Jed 's
good fer thet, b' gosh.

Enter MR. and MRS. LEE and NOREEN.

LUCILE: Oh, papa, we are saved—dear Uncle Jedediah is
going to lend us the money.

JEDEDIAH [*hitting MR. LEE*]: Durn ye, Charlie, w'y did n't
ye say ye was needin' a leetle cash?

MR. LEE: But so much—fifty thousand—

JEDEDIAH: Wal, I got three farms an' any one o' 'em 'll run
up well ter fifty thousan'.

MRS. LEE [*going forward and taking JEDEDIAH hands*]: Oh,
how can we ever, ever thank you?

NOREEN [*coming forward and putting hand on his arm*]: Oh,
if you aren't the *dearest* uncle!

LUCILE: Well, I 'm going to kiss him. [*Runs and gives him
smack on the cheek.*]

JEDEDIAH: Hurrah, this makes me feel as gay as when I uster
go to them dances back in ol' Sawyer county, nigh forty
year ago.

[*Have a phonograph at hand with a dance tune ready to
start. Someone off stage starts it and JEDEDIAH
dances around stage, swinging first one lady and then
another.*]

Enter MARIAR.

MARIAR: Lan' sakes, Jeddy—hain't ye 'shamed to be in cump'ny lookin' thet way? Come now an' git yer boots on.

LUCILE [*as she and DAVID dance about together*]: Hurrah for the best uncle in the world! [*Everyone dances.*]

CURTAIN.

THAT DOG ROVER

CHARACTERS

THE JUDGE

DUGAN, *the officer*

MR. AMES, *plaintiff*

TOM

JIM

BRUNK, *a witness*

} *defendants*

SCENE: *Justice room, with JUDGE at desk.*

Enter DUGAN with TOM and JIM.

DUGAN: Shure, jedge, it's bringin' ye a case, I am, an' they're both bad cases, too, yer honor.

TOM: Aw, we hain't no sech a thing, you mean cop, you.

JUDGE: Here, here, don't talk like that.

[*DUGAN and BOYS sit.*]

Enter AMES and BRUNK.

AMES: Oh, I see these bad boys are already here. I want to make a complaint against them, your honor; and I hope you will see that justice is done me, and that these boys are punished.

JUDGE: Well, what's the matter?

JIM: Aw, say, judge, he's the meanest old—

JUDGE: Silence! You just wait, sonny, till it's your turn to speak.

AMES: You see it is like this. I have a very fine dog—a valuable dog, I might say, and—

TOM: Huh, he ain't no great prize, an' I bet he ain't worth more 'n—

JUDGE [*pointing*]: Now you boys *keep still* until it's your time to talk.

AMES: I think a great deal of this dog, and in order that he may not be stolen or get lost I keep him shut in the yard. This afternoon, what was my surprise and sorrow to see these boys—[*points*—these two boys trying to—to *steal* him.

JIM: We never did try to steal 'im.

AMES: I 'm sorry to say they did, judge, and I have this man as a witness to the wicked deed.

BRUNK: Ya, I bin a witness. An' I know they try to mek a steal.

TOM: Aw, judge, ev'rybody knows that feller can't tell the truth if he wants to. W'y, he 's the biggest—

JUDGE [*rapping*]: If you don't keep still I'll shut you up and fine you.

AMES: These boys who, I am sad to say, are allowing their feet to take them into paths of pernishus—

JIM: Judge, we was n't in no paths—we was on the cement walk, hones' to goodniss.

AMES: And they were going past my home, where my valuable dog lay sleeping on the grass in the front yard, and they whistled to him and—

TOM: Say, judge, can't a feller go 'long the street whis'lin' a song if 'e wants to? That was a paterotic song an'—can't a feller whis'le "Star-Spangled Banner" 'thout bein' stealin' a dog?

AMES: They stopped in front of my yard and whistled and got my dog down to the gate, and coaxed him into the

street, and took him with them; and this man [*pointing to BRUNK*] saw them; and if I had not got after them in time they would have stolen him. This man can tell you the same.

JUDGE [*to BRUNK*]: What do you know about this?

BRUNK: Ya, I knows 'bout it, 'cause why I bin work on yard to mek 'im all mowed, an' I see dese two boys come walk 'long street; an' when dey see dis dog dey walk awful slow an' look all time at 'im an' talk an' whis'le to 'im, an' when dog comes down to gate dey coax 'im, an' dog he follows up street, an' dese boys try mek a steal.

AMES: When I was a boy I used to go to Sunday school and tried to be an honest, upright boy; but these —

JIM: Now, judge, don't you b'lieve what he says, 'cause 'e 's mad at us 'cause 'e 's got it in fer us 'cause we called 'im "rottin tater."

JUDGE: Why did you call him "rotten potato"?

AMES: Now, your honor, I hope you are not going to listen to —

JUDGE [*to AMES*]: Be quiet. [*To JIM.*] Why was it?

JIM: Well, ye see, Tom 's mother is poor an' she had to buy some taters; an' she bought 'em of [*pointing to AMES*] him; an' he said they was good. An' when 'e brought 'em they was half rottin, an' 'e got the money. An' then 'e said the taters was all right, an' 'e cheated 'er; an' so we yelled "Rottin' Taters" at 'im on the street an' made 'im awful mad.

JUDGE: Oh, I see.

AMES: I hope, your honor, that you won't pay attention to —

JUDGE [*rapping*]: Never mind. [*To TOM.*] Suppose you tell me why you got the dog to follow you. Why did you coax him from home?

TOM: Hones', judge, we did n't coax 'im — that is, not re'lly. Anyway, we was n't stealin' 'im. 'cause it was like this:

When we was goin' past we saw the dog on the grass, an' Jim says he bets his dog is bigger 'n that one, an' so we whis'les to make 'im git up to see how big 'e is; an', after 'e got up an' seen us, 'e liked us, 'cause dogs allus likes good-nat' red boys—hones' they do, judge, an' 'e liked the looks of us an' come walkin' down to the gate to sort-a visit with us.

BRUNK: Dey try to mek a steal an' coax off dog.

AMES: I hope you don't believe that boy's foolishness.

JUDGE: What happened next?

JIM: We 're tellin' the truth, judge, an' when 'e got to the gate I says he 's a dandy all right, but I 'll bet a dollar that my dog can lick 'im. You bet, judge, I 've got one fine dog an' he 's worth more 'n [*pointing to AMES*] hissen any day.

AMES: Your honor, my dog is a valuable one. Rover cost me —

JUDGE: Never mind. [*To JIM.*] What happened next?

JIM: Well, Tom here, he says he ain't sure my dog can lick this one, an' 'e says, "Gee, I wisht 'e 'd come on up to yer house so 's they could have a fight." An' we didn't try to steal 'im, but I says to Rover that if he was up to my house we 'd have a dandy dog fight.

JUDGE: Young man, don't you know that dog fights are wrong?

AMES [*horrified*]: My valuable Rover in a common dog fight!

DUGAN: Shure, now, would n't that be some fight. [*To JIM.*] I bet Rover could-a licked your dog.

TOM: I bet you don't know how Jim's Tige can fight. He 's some winner, b'leeve me.

JIM [*to JUDGE*]: Hones', didn't you know dogs like to fight? W'y, Tige he jest loves it. An' so Rover, he follered us 'cause 'e wanted to see my Tige an' see whether 'e could lick Tige. We wasn't tryin' to steal

Rover — my mother 'd lick me if I brought home another dog to keep 'cause she don't like dogs.

JUDGE [*to AMES*]: This case is dismissed. Your dog is all right, and I don't think the boys wanted to steal him. Don't bother me like this again. You pay this fellow [*pointing to BRUNK*] for his trouble, and take him off.

BRUNK: Ya, I want-a fifty cent fer my troubles.

AMES: I haven't been treated fair. [*He and BRUNK exeunt.*]

JUDGE [*to boys*]: Now, young fellows, you let this be the last time I hear of you in connection with dog fights. They are *prohibited*. Understand?

BOYS: Yes, judge. Thank you, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

CURTAIN

A HOME-MADE PLAY

CHARACTERS

NAN, BESS, TOM, KING, QUEEN, PRINCESS, COUNT KARLBAD, PRINCE ELBERT, WITCH, PAGE.

SCENE I

Discovered, NAN, BESS, TOM.

NAN: Say, let's give a play — just we children.

BESS: One that we make up ourselves — that 'll be fine.

TOM: An' have a band to play like they do at the theater.

NAN: Yes, an' get it up all ourselves. Joe will take part, I know.

BESS: So will Fred, an' he's good at acting.

TOM: Mary will help, an' she is n't a bit scared on the stage.

NAN: An' we'll fix our own costumes an' dress up swell.
BESS: An' we'll have a king in it an' a — a — villyun.
TOM: An' have a lot of excitement — that's what I like.
NAN: Come on, let's go see the others 'bout it. [*Exeunt.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE II

NAN, BESS, TOM, PAGE, WITCH, and QUEEN compose the band. NAN, BESS and TOM wear queer costumes, and each has an instrument, a horn, fife, or mouth organ, comb with paper over, a flour sieve which turns with a crank and has a lot of pebbles in it to make a racket; an eggbeater which turns with a crank and has a number of bells tied to it which ring. A zither, accordion and whatever is available, may be used, so that each member of the band has an instrument. The PAGE wears a big hat and long coat to hide his page suit. The WITCH wears sunbonnet and a long shawl to cover her witch costume. The QUEEN wears short dress and a sunbonnet; then after band plays she can slip on her queen robe and crown and be ready to appear on time.

COSTUMES should be humorous. KING wears bright kimono trimmed with white cloth inked to look like ermine and a large crown; QUEEN wears similar kimono, smaller crown, and many strings of beads; PRINCESS wears white with overdress of lace curtain; WITCH long black skirt and black cape made of black shawl, with dreadful black headpiece; PAGE wears short pants, long stockings, sash around waist, small cap, large collar and bow; PRINCE and COUNT have as swell clothes as possible, white vests, high collars, etc., and each has moustache. Band plays before curtain rises for Scene II.

A large chair is placed on a box and the whole covered with

a bright horse-blanket for the king's throne. KING holds scepter whittled from pine and colored various bright hues.

Discovered, the KING on throne.

KING: Aha, I wonder what the day will bring forth! Perchance there will be some wicked one to behead or burn at the stake. Aha!

Enter COUNT KARLBAD

COUNT: Ho, your Soverun Majesty, dost I darest to approach an' hold converse?

KING [*holding out scepter*]: Approach, Sir Count, an' say what is inest thy mind.

COUNT: Long, oh, mightiest king an' noble sovrin, have I admired thy wisdom an' greatness.

KING [*aside*]: Methinks he is a smart an' splendid fellow.

COUNT: Me fainest would believe there is not another such a king living.

KING [*aside*]: Aha, he is wiser than I knowdest.

COUNT: But I am not worthy to enter thy family, though my father didst havest great possessions an' much money.

KING: Truly thy father was a mighty man.

COUNT: Long have I aspired—put me not to death, oh, mighty king, for my presumption—to weddest thy lovely daughter.

KING: Aha! Say, she's some girl, ain't she?

COUNT: Me prays thee, oh, king, give her hand to me to marry.

KING: I fain must think this over. [*Aside.*] The queen'll have to have her say, I s'pose. [*To COUNT.*] I'll lettest thee know later. Avaunt!

COUNT: Pray I may win 'er, noble king. [*Aside.*] I hope he don't find out none of my sins. [*Exit.*]

KING: Where 's that page — worthless varmint. [*Stamps foot.*]

Enter PAGE.

PAGE: Didst call me, noble an' most mighty highfalutin' king?

KING: Yes, I didst. Bring forth the queen hither.

PAGE: So shall it be, wise an' lofty sovrin — provided she 'll come. [*Exit.*]

Enter QUEEN and kneels before throne.

QUEEN: Oh, most high an' mighty an' wise an' noble sovrin, didst sendest for me? What wishest thou, oh, king? Speak. [*Rises as KING holds out scepter.*]

KING: Well, noble Count Karlbad wants to marry our daughter, the princess, an' I think it 's a pretty good idee. He 's got lots of money.

QUEEN: Ah, but methinks the princess does not love him.

KING: What diff'rence does that makest? Let 'er marry him any way.

QUEEN: But she will object, and she is — strong-willed.

KING: If I shut 'er in the dungeon there to eatest bread an' water —

QUEEN [*clasping hands*]: Oh, I prayest, do not so to the dear girl.

KING: Let 's have 'er here.

QUEEN: I 'll bringest her to thee at once. [*Exit.*]

Enter PAGE with goblet of fruit juice on a tray.

PAGE: Wouldst havest some refreshment, mighty king an' beloved sovrin? [*Gives goblet and KING drinks.*] Now shall I sing thee a song?

KING: No, I 'm busy. [*Exit PAGE.*]

Enter QUEEN and PRINCESS.

QUEEN [*kneeling before KING*]: I have bringest the princess.

PRINCESS [*kneeling beside the QUEEN*]: What wantest thou of me, oh, king?

KING: I want you, Miss Princess, to marry Count Karlbad.

PRINCESS [*rising quickly*]: What, that horrid thing?

QUEEN [*rising and patting her on back*]: Oh, speakest not so.

PRINCESS: Alas, he 's a homely, poky nuisance, an' I likest him not. An' say, pa —

QUEEN: Oh, speakest not so to the mightiest king.

PRINCESS: Well, noblest king, there 's some one else I want.

KING [*angrily*]: Who 's the gink?

PRINCESS [*stamping foot*]: Prince Elbert—a noble, splendid young man, an' nice looking.

KING: What? That bonehead?

PRINCESS [*stamping foot*]: He is n't—he 's a—a dandy!

QUEEN: Oh, I beggest thee, be not naughty.

Enter PAGE.

PAGE: Oh, king, there 's an old witch out here wants to come in.

KING: Let 'er come—the more the merrier. [*Exit PAGE.*]

Enter WITCH.

WITCH: Oh, great and mighty king, I come to warn thee of a foe who seeks to bring trouble into thy realm. By my powers have I discoverest he is an impostor.

KING: Who is it?

WITCH: The Count Karlbad—one who wantest thy daughter's hand. He is a bad, bad man, and wants to be king in thy stead.

KING: We 'll show *him*!

Enter PRINCE ELBERT.

PRINCE: Oh, king, most high an' mighty one, mayest I have a word?

KING: Speak.

PRINCE: Count Karlbad, who wantest thy daughter, is raising an army to overthrow thee after he gettest the princess.

WITCH: Yea, so I toldest thee, oh, king.

PRINCE: I come to offer thee all my soldiers to fightest him.

KING: Good for you! We'll shutest him in a dungeon to stay a thousand years, an' thou, oh, prince, shall weddest the princess.

PRINCESS: Oh, pa, ain't that lovely.

PRINCE: Oh, beautiful and lovely princess. [*Kneels and takes her hand.*]

WITCH: And thou shallest live happy ever afterwards.

CURTAIN

AUNT DOLEFUL'S AILMENTS

CHARACTERS

AUNT DOLEFUL, MRS. BANKS, MR. CARTER, MRS. SMITH,
MR. JUDD, MISS GRIMES.

SCENE: *The street.*

Discovered, AUNT DOLEFUL, with bonnet and shawl.

AUNT DOLEFUL: I've bin feelin' so mis'bul lately I'm goin' down to see the docter. I was readin' in a book 'bout Angeline Pectory—which you'd think is a woman, but 'tain't—it's a sort o' heart trouble. It says a body gits pain in the chest an' palpitatin' an' feels awful bad, an' I jes' b'leeve I've got it. I had an aunt die with heart trouble, an' they say I look like 'er.

Enter MRS. BANKS.

MRS. BANKS: How are you, Aunt Doleful? I ain't seen you in quite a spell.

AUNT DOLEFUL: Real poorly — I 'm goin' to the doc's. Guess I 've got heart trouble.

MRS. BANKS: You 're lookin' real bad; but seems like you look more 's if it 's yer stummick. I had an aunt die of stummick trouble, an' she looked a real lot the way you do — sort o' peeked an' bad in the face. She had pains in 'er stummick, an' felt mis'bul all over, an' couldn't work, an' felt awful blue.

AUNT DOLEFUL: I git dreatful blue, an' don't feel like I could work; an' mebbe them pains was in my stummick 'stead o' my heart. Come to think 'bout it, I b'leeve they was. I guess I 've got stummick trouble.

MRS. BANKS: Wal, now, you jes' go to Doc Wilkins — he 's a dreatful good hand fer stummick trouble. An' then you take good keer o' yerself, 'cause my aunt went awful quick at the last, an' seems to me yer lookin' real poorly. Stummick trouble is a dreatful bothersome complaint. Wal, I mus' be goin'. Good-bye. [*Exit.*]

AUNT DOLEFUL [*hand on stomach*]: Yes, I 'm jes' 'bout sure I 'm sufferin' with stummick trouble. [*Shakes head.*] Ain't that awful?

Enter MR. CARTER.

MR. CARTER: Good mornin', Aunt Doleful. How 's the state of yer health to-day? Feelin' purtty good?

AUNT DOLEFUL [*sighing*]: No; dreatful poorly — I 'm sufferin' with stummick trouble, I guess.

MR. CARTER: W'y, say, you look to me more like it 's yer liver botherin' ye. I was feelin' like I had one foot an' half the tother in the grave awhile back — had bad pains an' felt sick all over, an' was awful blue an' didn't feel

like workin' an' didn't relish my eatin', an' had a bad color to my face. So I went to the doc, an' he said 'twas my liver. He gave me somethin' that fetched me out all right—an' here I be, still alive an' feelin' fine.

AUNT DOLEFUL: Mebbe, 'tis my liver—seems like I feel jes' the way you said you did. Come to think 'bout it, I b'leeve 'twas my liver hurtin' instead my stummick. Ain't yer liver here? [*Puts hand on chest.*]

MR. CARTER: Wal, I guess that's yer lights up there, an' yer liver's a mite lower down—though I hain't never seen its abidin' place; but anyhow it looks to me like yer got the liver complaint. Don't ye feel a lot like complainin'?

AUNT DOLEFUL: Lan' yes! I could complain all day, if they was somebody to lis'en to me.

MR. CARTER: Wal, I bet a doller ye've got liver trouble. Jes' go to Doc Evans an' he'll fix ye up—he's a good hand at it. Wal, good-bye to ye, Aunt Doleful. [*Exit.*]

AUNT DOLEFUL: I might 'a' know'd 'twas liver trouble. Paw's cousin Jacob's wife ust to have it, so I s'pose it's in the fam'ly.

Enter MRS. SMITH.

MRS. SMITH: Oh, how do you do, Aunt Doleful? I'm glad to see you out. Are you feelin' in good health?

AUNT DOLEFUL: No, real mis'bul—sufferin' dreatful from the liver complaint, an' livers is awful bad when they git to actin' up.

MRS. SMITH: Dear sakes, yes! I had a sister—poor thing, sech a splendid woman an' in the prime o' life—that jes' went a-scootin' to 'er grave with liver trouble. But don't seem like you look the way she did. Be you sure you hain't anemick?

AUNT DOLEFUL: No; I'm Methydist—belonged fer twenty year.

MRS. SMITH: Oh, I don't mean that — this aneemy is a new sort o' a disease that quite a few folks is havin'. I had a cousin die with it jes' las' year — jes' sort o' faded 'way like; not sufferin' very much, but didn't feel well an' couldn't work, an' got thin an' no color to 'er, an' dreatful blue an' didn't have no appetite. I wonder if that ain't what 's ailin' you.

AUNT DOLEFUL: Jes' as like 's not — seems to me I feel like that.

MRS. SMITH: Now ain't it real provident'al I met you, so 's to tell you 'bout it, 'cause some o' the docters don't allus recognize it, bein' sort o' new, you know; but it's real dang'rous, an' you musn't waste a minute gittin' it tended to — if it ain't too late already — which I hope it ain't. You go to Doc Jones, an' I guess he'll fix you all right. But I mus' be movin' on — I'm in a hurry. Good-bye. [*Exit.*]

AUNT DOLEFUL: To think o' sech a dreatful new sickniss an' me never knowin' I had it. [*Sighs.*] Hain't it lucky I found out?

Enter MR. JUDD.

MR. JUDD: Wal, wal, now, if here ain't Aunt Doleful — hain't seen ye fer a month a Sundays. How ye gittin' along? Feelin' pritty good?

AUNT DOLEFUL [*shaking head*]: No, worse 'n us'al — bin took real bad with this new disease that 's takin' so many folks — aneemy.

MR. JUDD: Shucks now, that 's bad! Seems like I've heerd 'bout that. Couldn't the doc give ye somethin' fer it? But say, are ye sure ye hain't got a cancer? Seems to me yer lookin' jes' the way Ike Johnson's wife did — sort o' peeked an' run down, an' like ye felt bad all over, an' bad complection. W'y, don't ye go an' have a operation 'fore it gits too late? Operations has saved lots

o' lives. I 'm awful glad I met ye, 'cause I b'leeve a operation will jes' set ye on yer feet an' ye 'll be all right. Jes' go see Doc Turner an' he 'll git ye through fine. Don't wait none, fer folks has to git right after cancers else it 's too late. Good-bye. [*Exit.*]

AUNT DOLEFUL: Oh, dear sakes! I bin scairt all my life I 'd have a cancer, an' here 't is! What 'll I do? I might 'a' known that was what ailed me when I felt so terribul. I 'm jes' goin' home an' die.

Enter MISS GRIMES, briskly.

MISS GRIMES: W'y, how are ye, Aunt Doleful? I 'm glad to see ye. Yer lookin' real well. Ain't that nice to be feelin' in good health? Some folks is allus sick, but yer lookin' real chipper. Say, I s'pose ye heerd 'bout the bargain sales down to the Golden Rule Store to-day. They 're offerin' some terribul good bargains, an' things folks is a needin' real bad, too. I 'm on my way there now—I 'm goin' to buy quite a bit while it 's cheap. Now jes' come on an' go with me an' we 'll have a real good time. I do jes' admire to go shoppin', an' bargain sales is a real treat.

AUNT DOLEFUL: Bargain sales? Now I jes' do need some things real bad, an' a body oughter git there 'fore things is picked over. Come on, Belindy, le 's hurry. [*She takes MISS GRIMES' arm and they hurry off.*]

CURTAIN

MISS MERTON, MILLINER

CHARACTERS

MISS MERTON, *milliner.*SUE, *a little girl.*NELL and LOU, *schoolgirls.*

MR. WING.

MISS BOTTS, *old maid.*MRS. GREEN, *elderly lady.*MISS DASH, *young lady.*

MR. and MRS. HALE.

SCENE: MISS MERTON'S *shop.**Discovered, MISS MERTON.*

STAGE SETTING: *Small tables may be placed at back and sides of stage on which hats are placed; some hats may be hung on the wall at back. There should be a good collection of hats, stylish, and others quite out of date. By having the children borrow hats, artificial flowers, etc., the hats can be trimmed up to do very nicely. Have one or two old-fashioned bonnets.*

MISS MERTON: I hope trade will be good to-day. I need some money, and hope I shall sell several hats.

Enter MISS DASH.

MISS DASH: I want to try on some hats, please—something real swell. I hate dowdy, plain hats. I want something that will make me look very stylish—a nifty hat does add so much to one's appearance, you know.

MISS MERTON: How would you like this? [*Gives her a small hat with bright trimming.*] It has very good style. [*Puts hat on MISS DASH.*]

MISS DASH [*looking in glass and turning about*]: It's real

pretty; but it does n't make me look swell enough — you know Joe Barret, my fellow, wants me to look dreadfully dolled up. I think there is more style to a large hat, don't you?

MISS MERTON: Perhaps you 'd like this. [*Tries large hat on her.*]

MISS DASH: The shape looks well, but it is n't bright enough — you know men like to see a lot of color on hats — at least Joe does.

MISS MERTON: How is this? [*Tries on hat with bright colors.*]

MISS DASH: Hum. [*Turning before glass.*] I wonder how Joe would like it? It seems to go pretty well with my style of beauty. It is n't quite as swell as I 'd like. An' I want it to look like it cost a whole lot — there's lots in having hats look expensive, you know. I don't want Joe to think I 'm cheap.

MISS MERTON: I think it looks fine on you.

MISS DASH: I like it pretty well — Say, listen here, I 'll come in to-night an' try it on again, an' stand in the window with it on when Joe goes by from work, to see if he likes it. If he does, I 'll buy it.

MISS MERTON: All right. [*Exit MISS DASH.*] Humph, I would n't take so much pains to please a man.

Enter NELL and LOU.

NELL: We want to look at hats — something real cute and stunning.

LOU: Oh, this is a peach! I bet I 'll look fine in it. [*MISS MERTON hands it to her, and she tries it on.*] Say, kid, I look like a bird in this.

NELL: Sure — if it just had a feather on it, I 'll bet you could fly.

LOU: You try it on. [*NELL does.*] Say, you look swell, honest.

NELL: I like this one better. [*Points and MISS MERTON tries it on her.*] Oh, I look dandy in this, don't I, kid?

LOU: I should say. Let me try it on. [*She does.*] Oh, don't I look like a picture?

NELL: Yes; like a picture in the funny paper—like Mrs. Shenanigan.

MISS MERTON: Try this one. [*Puts another hat on LOU.*]

LOU: This is a dream, ain't it, kid?

NELL: Sure—but I'll bet the price is a nightmare. Let me try it. [*She tries it.*] I look better than you do.

MISS MERTON: You both look lovely in it. Let me sell it to one of you. It has oceans of style.

NELL: I want to try that one. [*Points.*] It is a beaut, don't you think, kid? [*Tries it on.*] Say, this is a scream.

LOU: I should say. Let me try it. [*She does so.*] This is some hat, believe me.

MISS MERTON: It looks lovely on you. Let me sell it to you—only seven seventy-five.

NELL: Gee, that's some price. Oh, say, kid, this is a cute one. [*Points. MISS MERTON puts it on her.*]

LOU: You look swell in that—you ought to buy it.

MISS MERTON: Yes, you look lovely. You better take it.

NELL: Oh, I'm not going to buy a hat now. I'm going to get mine when I go to Columbus. They're cheaper there. Say, kid, we've got to go.

LOU: I should say so. Thanks for looking at the hats. [*Exeunt.*]

MISS MERTON [*sighing*]: Well, that is nice. I must say.

Enter MISS BOTTS.

MISS BOTTS: How do you do, Miss Merton. I was going by and I thought I *must* come in and try on some of your lovely hats. Such beauties as you have, and so much style.

MISS MERTON: Thank you, I think I have some pretty pat-

terns. [*Takes hat from table.*] Let me try this on you.

MISS BOTTS [*removing hat*]: Oh, my hair looks a fright.

[*MISS MERTON puts hat on her.*] Oh, isn't that sweet!

It isn't too old for me, is it? I do not believe in young people dressing too old. And I do *love*, bright colors. Let's try something brighter.

MISS MERTON: How is this? [*Puts another hat on her.*] You look lovely in this.

MISS BOTTS: Yes, I think so, too; but, do you know, I look nice in almost every hat I try on. Isn't that queer? Oh, this is a beauty—let me try it. [*Points to a hat for a real young girl.*] I think that is just suited to my age. [*Tries it.*] Oh, I like this fine. [*Turns from side to side to look in glass.*] I think I look just splendid in it.

MISS MERTON: Yes; you look lovely; and it's only five dollars—that's dirt cheap.

MISS BOTTS: I really must have this! You're sure it isn't too old for me, aren't you?

MISS MERTON: Oh, really, it isn't too old for you.

MISS BOTTS: Well, I'll take it. You put it away for me, and as soon as I sell my chickens I'll get it. [*Puts on her hat.*]

MISS MERTON: All right, I'll put it away. It surely is a bargain.

MISS BOTTS: Well, I believe in buying what you look best in. [*Exit.*]

MISS MERTON: Thank goodness, I've sold one.

Enter MR. WING.

MR. WING: How-do. I want to see a hat for a woman. None yer fancy gewgaws—jes' a plain, sens'ble hat that 'll stand wear an' tear an' do fer Sundays an' week-days, an' 'll stand sun an' rough weather, an' one that won't go outer style right off; an' I don't want pay no

fancy price, nuther—jes' a good, all-round hat with a little sensible trimmin' to it, at a sens'ble price.

MISS MERTON: Is it for your wife?

MR. WING: Yas, I heerd 'er say she wanted to cum to town an' git a new hat; said she was goin' ter hev somethin' purtty if she *did* hev to pay fer it, an' I jes' made up my mind I 'd come in an' git 'er one myself, an' not hev 'er waste money fer style an' fussy-fixin's. Now, how 'bout that one right there? [*Points to plain bonnet that ties under chin for an old lady.*]

MISS MERTON [*holding it up*]: Oh, this is too old for your wife. She wants something younger and more stylish.

MR. WING: Wal, my mother uster wear one like that, an' I should think Maria could. I ain't buyin' style, I told ye. What does she want'er be rigged out with these fussy fixin's and gewgaws fer when she 's bin married more 'n twenty year? Tell me that. These wimmin makes me tired, tryin' to primp up like they 's young an' silly.

MISS MERTON: How do you like this? [*Holds up plain hat with a little trimming.*]

MR. WING: Might do; only dunno 's they 's any use o' so much trimmin' on it. Somethin' plain an' neat is my motto—I don't wear no trimmin' on my hats, an' I 'm jes' as good as the wimmin be. What's the price of that there?

MISS MERTON: Only four dollars. It is a good hat, and very durable.

MR. WING: *Four dollars!* Great Scott! You think I 'm made o' money? I wuz calkilatin' to git one fer 'bout a dollar an' a half that 'd be plenty good.

MISS MERTON: You better let your wife come in and pick out one she looks well in.

MR. WING: Not much—I know 'er!—She 'd buy that one. [*Points to stylish one with lot of color.*] How much is it?

MISS MERTON: Ten dollars; cheap, too, for such a lovely creation.

MR. WING: *Ten dollars!* Say, you do up this one an' I'll take it. [*Points to plain one she showed him.*] It's a turrable price, but ef I don't take it she'll pay a lot more fer one. [*MISS MERTON wraps it up.*] She'll keep this whether she likes it 'er not. [*Exit.*]

MISS MERTON [*sighing*]: Sometimes I'm glad I'm not married.

Enter SUE.

SUE: Hello, say, I want-a try on some hats—some awful pretty ones.

MISS MERTON [*getting little girl's hat*]: How is this?

SUE: Aw, say, you put that back—I ain't goin' to have no kid's hat. I want one o' them [*points*] all trimmed up with flowers an' ribbons.

MISS MERTON: But they are too old for you.

SUE: I ain't goin' to have a little girl's hat, I tell you. Maw allus wants to buy me some little kid's lid that I hate. Let me try on that one. [*Points.*] Say, ain't that a swell beaut? I bet I'd look fine in it. [*MISS MERTON puts it on her.*] Oh, say, don't I look like the princess in the fairy book?

MISS MERTON: But it is too old for you, really.

SUE: Well, I want-a be a young lady—who wants to be a kid? Say, let me try that one. [*Points to another stylish hat.*] Cracky, that's some hat. [*MISS MERTON puts it on her.*] Oh, now ain't I just too sweet? Say, listen here, how much is this?

MISS MERTON: Seven-seventy-five. But it's way too old for you.

SUE: 'Tain't neither—it's just swell. I'm goin' to ask paw if I can't buy it, an' if I cry real hard I bet he'll let me. I'll come back again. [*Exit.*]

MISS MERTON: My, what a child!

Enter MRS. GREEN.

MRS. GREEN: Good afternoon. I suppose you have some hats for sale.

MISS MERTON: Yes, I have a nice stock. Let me try some on you.

MRS. GREEN: Oh, I dunno 's I keer to try one on, but I 'd like to see what you 've got. [*Sits.*] I 'll set while you 'show 'em, 'cause I 'm havin' trouble with my corns. They most bother me to death, an' I 've spent more 'n thirty cents on stuff to cure 'em, too.

MISS MERTON [*holding up hat*]: How is this? It has very good style.

MRS. GREEN: Wal, I think I don't jes' like that shape. It 's real nice, but don't jes' suit me.

MISS MERTON [*holding up another*]: How do you like this?

MRS. GREEN: The shape is real nice, but I don't like that colored trimmin'—it don't jes' suit me somehow. I 'm real partic'lar 'bout the trimmin'. Seems like as if I don't like the trimmin' I don't never like a hat.

MISS MERTON [*holding up another hat*]: How is this?

MRS. GREEN: Wal, that 's real pretty, but I guess I like a bigger hat—I ain't very taken with little hats. I like to git somethin' for my money. [*MISS MERTON gets a large hat.*] Wal, say, now that 's real nice; but it 's too big! Never did care for real big hats—they 're too much to carry 'round. Wal, as my corns is feelin' better now, I 'll go on, 'cause I 've got to buy some things over to the groc'ry store. Your hats is real pretty. [*Exit.*]

MISS MERTON: Oh, dear, what horrid luck!

Enter MR. and MRS. HALE.

MRS. HALE: We want to look at some hats, please.

MR. HALE: Yes, a nice, neat, plain hat for my wife, here.

MRS. HALE: Oh, not too plain, pa, I want a little color to it to set it off, like this one. [*Points.*]

MR. HALE: W'y, Sarah, that isn't suitable for you—it's too flashy. Now you want one like this. [*Points.*]

MRS. HALE: Now, pa, I ain't goin' to have such a dowdy one as that. Oh, ain't this pretty? [*Points.*] I'd like to try it on.

MR. HALE: No, no, not that—I never did like that color. It's too—wal, I don't like it nohow. This is real nice. [*Points.*]

MRS. HALE: Dear me, pa, you know I never could wear that shape. I'd look like a fright in it, an' I ain't goin' to look no worse 'n I haf to. I think this is real stylish. [*Points.*]

MR. HALE: Pshaw, now, that ain't no hat for a woman like you, ma. I wouldn't go nowheres with you wearin' that. Here's a neat one. [*Points.*]

MRS. HALE: Now look here, pa, who's goin' to wear this, you er me? I want this one. [*Points.*]

MR. HALE [*crossly*]: Wal, you don't haf to look at yerself with a hat on an' I do, so I'm the one to pick it out. I like this. [*Points.*]

MRS. HALE: Humph, that ain't got no style.

MR. HALE: Some folks has more style 'n brains, seems to me.

MRS. HALE: Oh, I don't want to try on hats anyway. Come on, let's go an' see 'bout that thread I need. [*They start out. As soon as Mr. HALE is off Mrs. HALE is back to say*]: I'll come in again when pa ain't along. [*Exit.*]

MISS MERTON: I'm tired out—guess I'll go to supper.

CURTAIN

NOTE: Hats should be used which are queer-looking, and which give a comical effect when tried on, thus adding to the humor of the dialogue. Those trying on hats should primp, twist, and turn before the glass, adding to the dramatic effect.

THE MERRY MAIDENS CLUB

CHARACTERS: MARY, NEVA, TILLIE, JANE, HELEN, CORA, and HORACE LOWRY.

COSTUMES: *Girls' parts are taken by boys who wear women's clothes, being quite "dressed up" with frills and ribbons. Each boy wears a fancy hat and has some curls—these may be fastened to hat—about his face. Curls can be made of old hair switches, combings, or even crepe paper. HORACE wears common school suit.*

SCENE: *A living room, chairs about, a small table for the president, on which is a small box of the tiny stick candy.*

Discovered, the six GIRLS sitting about at ease.

MARY: Now, girls, we must have our meeting. Please come to order.

NEVA: Oh, I hate to come to order—let's leave out the order.

JANE: Let's have another stick of candy first—I love candy.
[*She passes box and all take a stick.*]

TILLIE: Isn't Tessie Dean's new dress a peach? Such a sweet color.

HELEN: Oh, I'm crazy about the way it's made—so swell.

MARY [*rapping*]: Girls, come to order. We must have our meeting.

CORA: We ought to be businesslike, same as the boys are.

NEVA: I hate business! There aren't any boys here to know whether we're businesslike.

MARY [*rapping*]: This club order come to order, and I order it to come. Let's sing our club song.

[*All stand in row and sing.*]

TUNE: *America*

The Merry Maids are we,
[*Bow low.*]
Handsome as you can see,
And awful sweet;
We 're happy all the while,
Just see us gaily smile,
[*Grin broadly.*]
We 're fond of fuss and style—
[*Hold skirts at sides and bow.*]
We can 't be beat.

We 're fond of chewing gum,
Candy we love, yum-yum,
We like boys too;
[*Wave hand at some boy.*]
We 're very fond of rest,
Work is what we detest,
[*Fold arms and act tired.*]
Dish-washing is a pest,
It makes us blue.
[*Bow low and take seats.*]

MARY: The secretary will read the minutes of the last meeting.

TILLIE: Oh, my sakes, I took the paper they was written on—by mistake, of course—to do up my frizzes on, an' now I can't find it.

JANE: Never mind the minutes—they 're no good.

HELEN: They are, too; don't you know it says: "Take care of the minutes and the hours 'll take care of themselves"?

CORA: Say, girls, le 's give a party an' invite the boys.

NEVA: Wouldn't that be sweet? We 'd have a lovely time.

MARY: Oh, I don't care about boys—they think they 're so smart.

TILLIE: An' they always want so much to eat.

JANE: If we have a party I 'll have to get my new sky-blue-green dress made an' buy some new shoes.

HELEN: Humph, I don't care 'bout boys coming—they 're such greenhorns, an' they 're 'fraid of girls, too. Boys ain't any good.

OTHER GIRLS [*clapping hands*]: That 's true—that 's true!

MARY: That reminds me I have a piece about boys I 'd like to read. [*Reads aloud.*]

BOYS

“ Boys are of two kinds—those that like girls an' those that don't like 'em. An' boys that don't like girls ought to be put in the reform school, 'cause girls is so nice that all the boys should like 'em. [OTHER GIRLS *clap.*] Boys have faces, but not such pretty ones as girls have, and they don't take care of 'em like the girls do theirs, 'cause boys hate to wash their faces, an' never even take the trouble to put on any powder or face paint. [GIRLS *clap and several pull powder cloth from pocket, belt, or sleeve, and rub face.*] When boys are young they like to tease girls, but when they grow up they want to marry 'em, so 's to have somebody to wash, an' iron, an' bake, an' sew, an' mop, an' cook for 'em.”

NEVA: Well, I won't marry one of 'em—I don't like boys a bit.

TILLIE: Neither do I, an' they needn't waste their smiles on me.

JANE: Say, listen here! Le 's have a motion that our club won't have anything to do with boys—they 're so silly.

HELEN: Yes, le 's boycott 'em an' all be old maids.

MARY: Will you all agree to snub the boys an' give 'em the cold shoulder?

OTHERS [*clapping*]: Sure, sure!

CORA [*looking*]: Oh, here comes Horace Lowry. I wonder what he wants.

NEVA: Dear me—is my hat on straight?

[All fuss with hats and hair and some powder faces.]

Enter HORACE LOWRY.

HORACE: Hello, girls! Excuse me if I intrude upon your meeting, but I've got to drive over to Caxton and I thought maybe one of you would go with me—sort of lonesome to go alone.

ALL THE GIRLS: Sure, I'll go. *[Gather around him.]*

MARY: I'd love to go, Horace. It's such a nice day.

NEVA: I'll go, Horace, because I have plenty of time.

TILLIE: He wants me—don't you, Horace?

JANE: I'll go—the doctor says I need fresh air.

HELEN: Horace, you want me, don't you?

CORA: You meant me, didn't you, Horace?

ALL: Come on, let's go.

[They pull him toward the door; part hold of one arm, part hold of the other.]

HORACE: Gee, girls, how am I goin' to take you all in a single buggy?

GIRLS: I am the only one going. *[Each girl frowns at the others.]*

MARY: I'll go get in the buggy. *[Runs off, followed by all the others in a rush.]*

HORACE *[scratching head]*: Great guns, I didn't know's I was so pop'lar with the girls. Guess, seein' my buggy is over home, I'll slip out the other way an' get Jim Willis to go with me. *[Exit.]*

MARY'S NEW DRESS

CHARACTERS: NELL, TESSIE, ELSIE, JULIA, LENA, CLARA.

Discovered, NELL and CLARA.

NELL: Oh, Clara, have you seen Mary's new dress?

CLARA: New dress? No, I haven't.

NELL: It is the queerest pattern; looks like this cloth they make bedquilts out of. You know her aunt sends her lots of things and she sent her this cloth.

CLARA: Well, that's funny to have that kind of cloth.

NELL: Yes, it is—but I must hurry. Good-bye. [*Runs off.*]

Enter JULIA at opposite side.

JULIA: Hello, Clara, what are you thinking about?

CLARA: Nothing much—just about Mary's new dress.

JULIA: Her new dress? What about it?

CLARA: W'y, it's made out of the cloth they make bedquilts of.

JULIA: You don't say! I would n't want bedquilt cloth.

CLARA: Neither would I. Her aunt sent it to her. Well, I must go—so 'long. [*Goes off.*]

Enter TESSIE.

TESSIE: How are you, Julia? Isn't this a nice day?

JULIA: Yes, fine. Say, the queerest thing—Mary has a new dress, and what do you suppose it's made out of?

TESSIE: I'm sure I don't know—what is it? Something fine?

JULIA: Fine—I should say not—bedquilt stuff! Isn't that dreadful? Oh, Sue's calling me. I must go. [*Runs off.*]

Enter LENA.

TESSIE: Hello, Lena. You're just in time to hear the news.

LENA: News? What news? Do tell me quick.

TESSIE: Mary has a new dress, and *what* do you suppose it's made of?

LENA: What? Silk?

TESSIE: Silk—nothing! It's made out of a bedquilt!

LENA: Made of a bedquilt? How awful!

TESSIE: Yes, isn't it? Her aunt sent it to her, and I s'pose she made it over out of a bedquilt.

LENA: Well, I'm sure I'm not going to have anything more to do with Mary. I sha'n't go with girls who wear dresses made of bedquilts!

TESSIE: They must be getting awful poor.

LENA: Well. I should say yes.

Enter ELSIE.

ELSIE: Oh, what are you girls talking about so earnestly?

LENA: About Mary's new dress. Have you heard?

ELSIE: Oh, yes, I've seen it. She showed it to me to-night.

My, it is pretty!

TESSIE: Pretty!

LENA: Pretty—made of a bedquilt?

ELSIE: Made of a bedquilt—what do you mean?

LENA: We heard it was made out of a bedquilt.

ELSIE: How ridiculous! Who ever said such a thing? It's made of silk, and is very pretty.

LENA: Silk—really?

ELSIE: Of course it's silk, and nice silk, too. Her aunt sent it, and she always sends nice things. It's this Persian silk—real stylish—that looks—[*laughs*]—well, like the cloth they used to make quilts of.

TESSIE: Oh, that's it, is it?

ELSIE: I'd be glad to have such a pretty silk dress.

LENA: Well, I s'pose I would, too. [*Exeunt.*]



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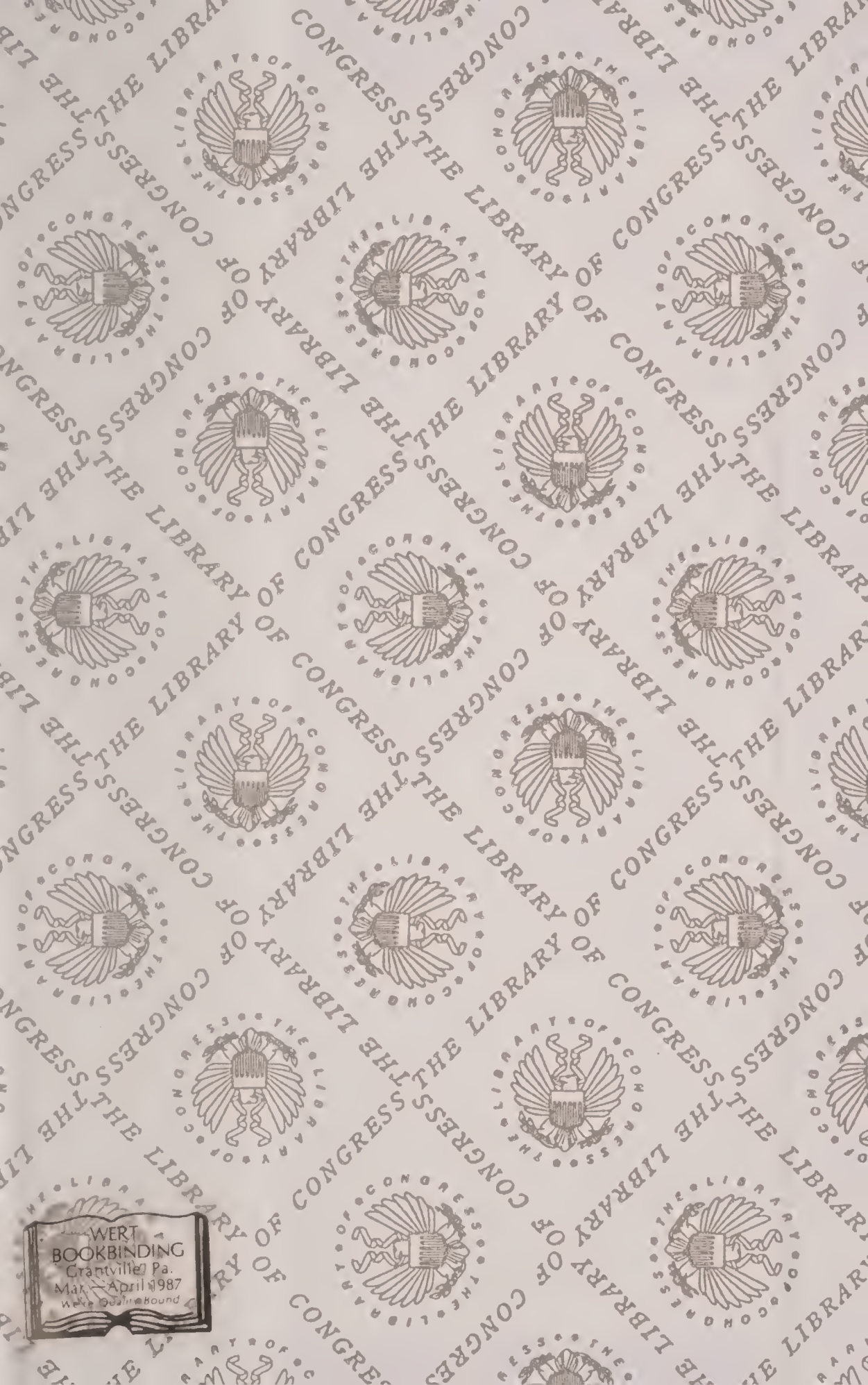


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